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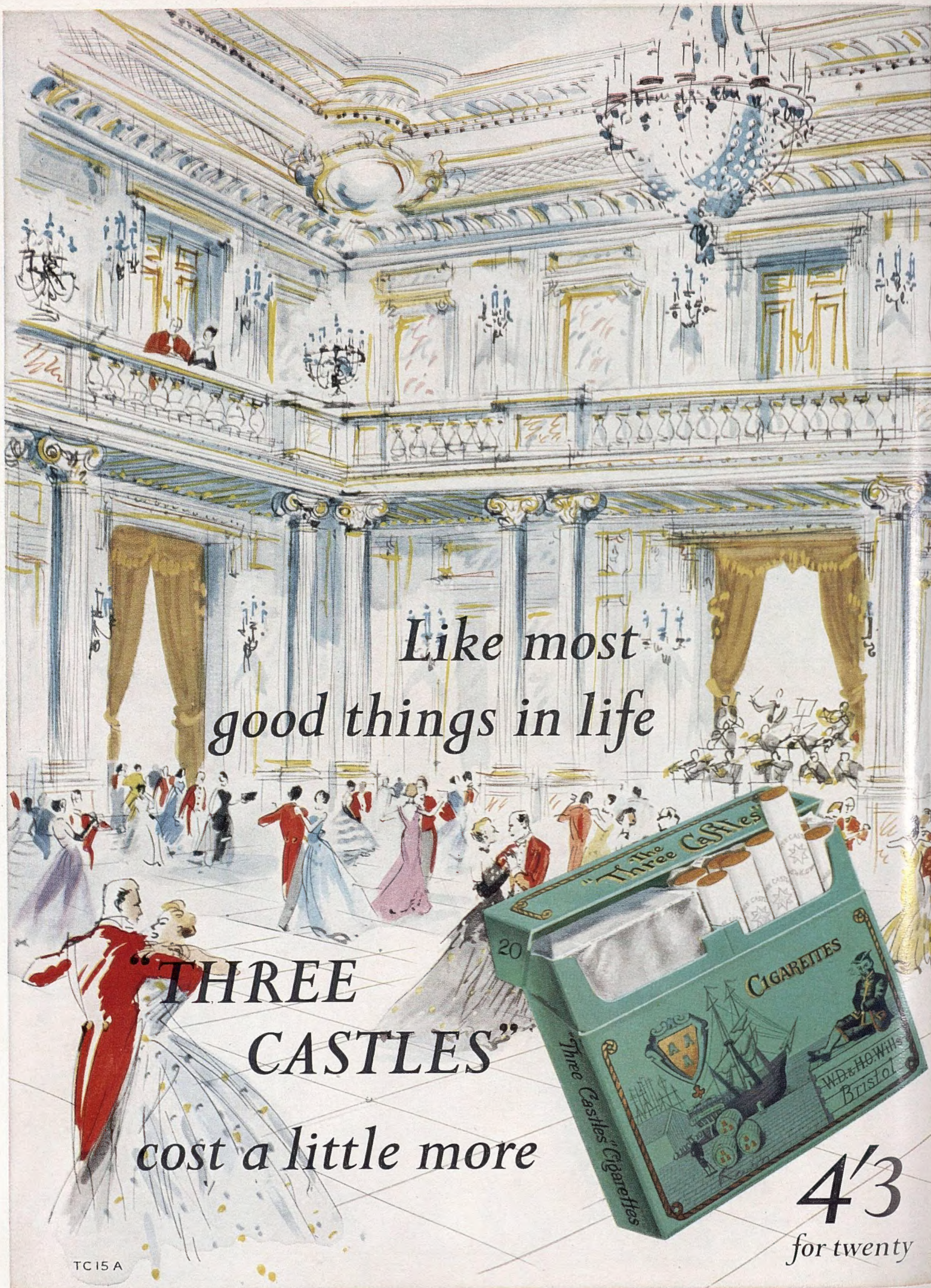
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JUNE 12, 1957

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MISS VICTORIA CANNON



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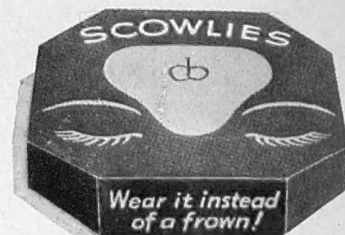
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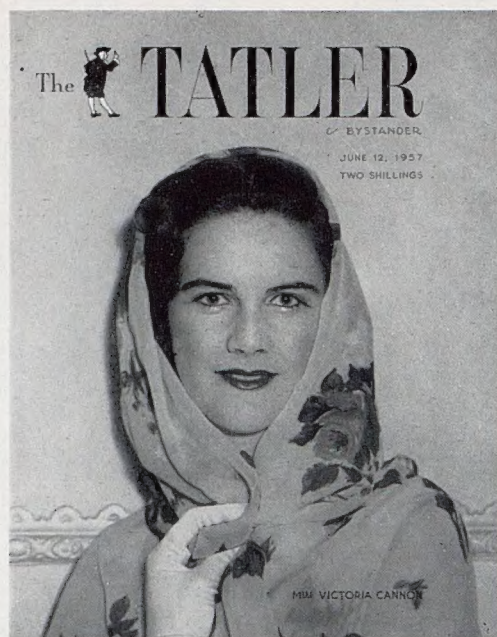
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From June 12 to June 19



MISS VICTORIA CANNON is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cannon of Coombe Place, near Lewes, Sussex. She was a débutante last year, and her coming-out dance took place at her home. Before her presentation, Miss Cannon finished her education in Switzerland; she is now studying languages—she speaks fluent Italian and French—and music. Her favourite sports are ski-ing and tennis, and she visited St. Moritz with her parents last winter.

June 12 (Wed.) The Duchess of Gloucester will open the Antique Dealers' Fair (to 27th), at Grosvenor House.

Exhibition of Society of Women Artists (to 29th, provisional date), Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly.

Cricket: Surrey v. West Indies (to 14th), The Oval.
Dance: The Hon. Mrs. Charles Fordyce for her son, Mr. John Fordyce, and her débutante daughter, Miss Sheila Fordyce, at the Lansdowne Club.
Dinner dance at the Savoy in aid of the N.S.P.C.C.
Racing at Kempton Park and Catterick Bridge.

June 13 (Thu.) The Queen's Official Birthday. Her Majesty will take the Salute at the Trooping the Colour, Horse Guards Parade.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret will attend the Royal Tournament at Earl's Court.

Richmond Royal Horse Show (to 15th).

Dance: The Countess of Mexborough for Lady Anne Savile, in London.

Racing at Kempton Park and Manchester.

June 14 (Fri.) The Queen and Prince Philip will visit the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Cambridge Easter Term ends.

Dance: Mrs. Tom Fairhurst and Mrs. Fyfe Duthie for Miss Jennifer Cooper and Miss Felicity Tite, at the Savoy.

Royal and Merchant Navies Ball at the Dorchester.

Racing at Manchester and Ayr.

June 15 (Sat.) Cricket: Sussex v. West Indies (and 17th, 18th), Hove, Sussex.

Polo: Ascot Week Tournament, Household Brigade Polo Club (to 23rd), Smith's Lawn, Windsor.

Dance: Mrs. Cornwall-Leigh for Miss Julia Cornwall-Leigh and Mr. Richard Cornwall-Leigh, at High Leigh House, Cheshire.

Racing at Alexandra Park, Manchester and Ayr.

June 16 (Sun.)

June 17 (Mon.) May Week, Cambridge (one week).
Lawn Tennis: London Grass Court Championship at Queen's Club (to 22nd).

First Night: Kurfürstendamm Theatre Company at Sadler's Wells.

Dance: Mrs. Basil Lindsay Fynn and Mrs. John Hall for Miss Caroline Lindsay Fynn and Miss Felicity Hall at 16 Sussex Place, Regent's Park.

Cambridge May Balls: Christ's College; First and Third Trinity Boat Club; Selwyn College; Clare College; Gonville and Caius College.

Racing at Leicester and Lewes.

June 18 (Tue.) The Queen and Prince Philip at Royal Ascot.

Royal Highland Show (to 21st), Dundee, Angus.

Dance: Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks for Miss Daphne Fairbanks.

Cambridge May Balls: Queens' College; Pembroke College; Jesus College.

Racing at Ascot (Ascot Stakes).

June 19 (Wed.) Royal Ascot.

Royal Counties Show and National Hackney Horse Show (to 22nd), Guildford, Surrey.

Cricket: The National Book League v. Authors, at Westminster School, London.

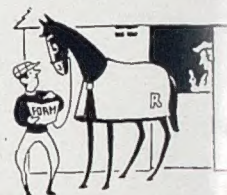
Polo: Semi-Finals Smith's Lawn Cup, at Windsor.

Guards Boat Club Ball at Maidenhead; The Flying Saucer Ball at Grosvenor House;

Anglo-Brazilian Society Dinner Dance at the Dorchester.

Magdalene College, Cambridge, May Ball.

Racing at Ascot (Royal Hunt Cup), and Ripon.



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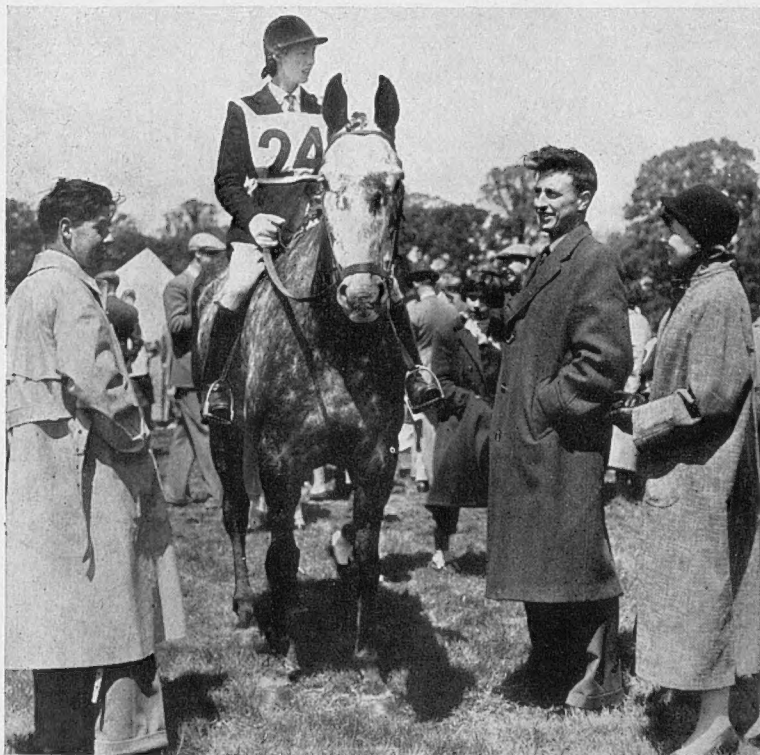


Andre Thevenet

Lady Jebb at our Paris Embassy

LADY JEBB is the beautiful wife of the British Ambassador to France, Sir Gladwyn Jebb, G.C.M.G., C.B.; this photograph was taken in the British Embassy in Paris which was the setting for a magnificent reception held during

the Queen's recent State Visit to France. Lady Jebb is the sister of Sir Humphrey Noble, Bt. Her husband represented the United Kingdom at the United Nations from 1950 until 1954. The Jebbs have a son and two daughters

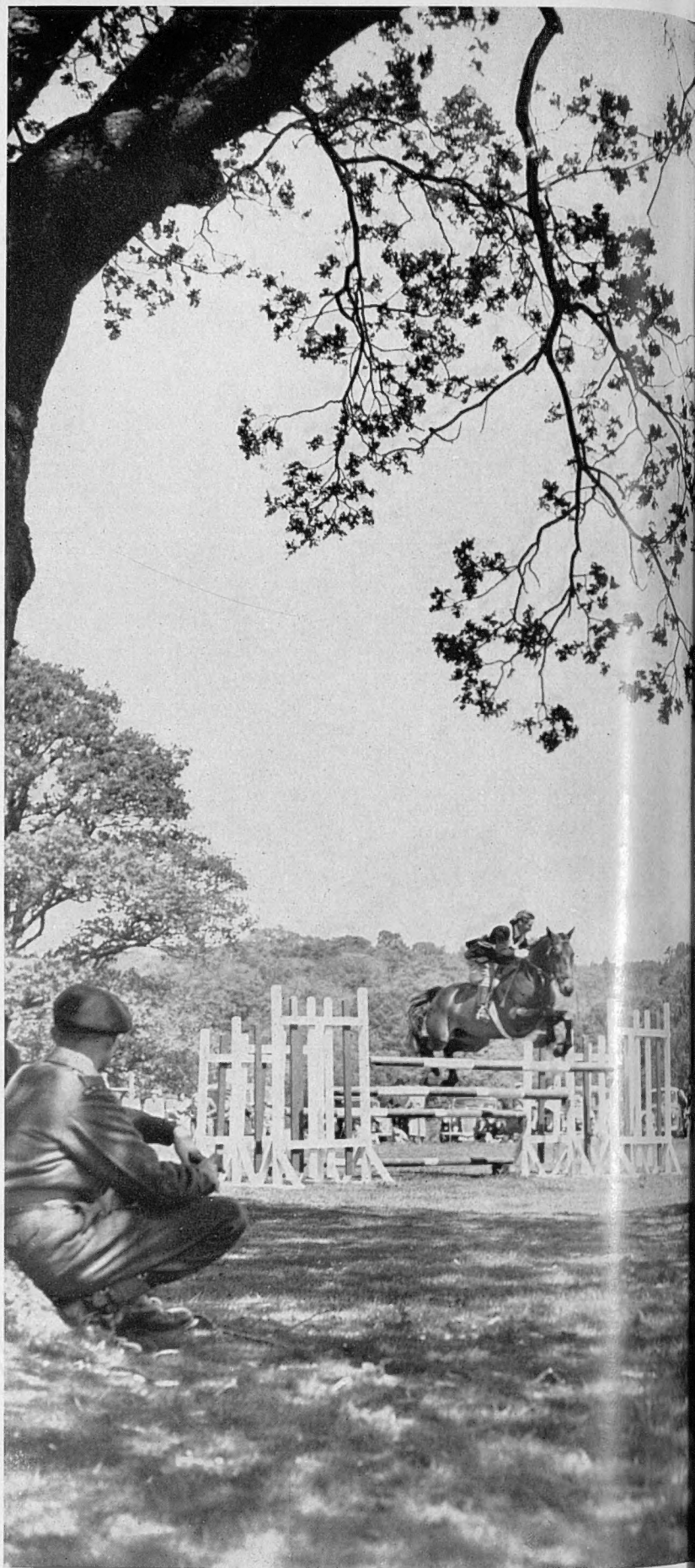


Mr. Peter Tuson, Miss Ruth Holland on George, Mr. Paul Johns and Mrs. Johns

Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Holland-Hibbert and Miss Jacqueline Carlisle on Mick



Miss Felicity Drew, Miss Jane Trevilian, Mrs. Arthur Lawson, Mrs. David Drew and Mr. Simon Smail



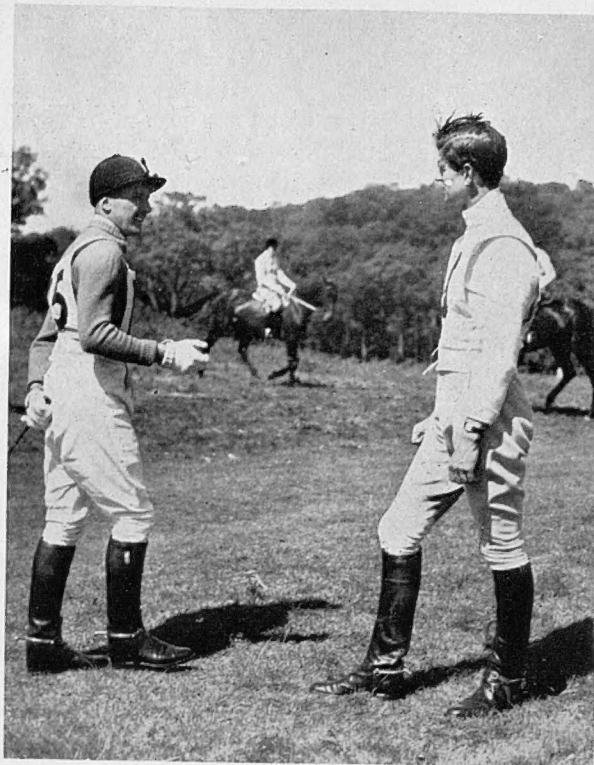
HORSE TRIALS AT SHERBORNE

A notable one-day event for fine horses and riders held in the South-west of England



Victor Yorke

THE SHERBORNE HORSE TRIALS, held under the Rules of the B.H.S., took place at Sherborne Park, Dorset, by kind permission of Major Simon Wingfield Digby, M.P. This popular meeting, the oldest established one-day event in the country, attracted over 3,000 spectators, and thirty-one entries in all for the three phases. Above: Miss J. W. Foster completing a clear round on By Jupiter



Major D. P. H. Dyson, Intermediate winner on Henry Farman, and Capt. R. W. Scott

Miss Pat Manning with Gay Time, and Miss Janine Sebag-Montefiore

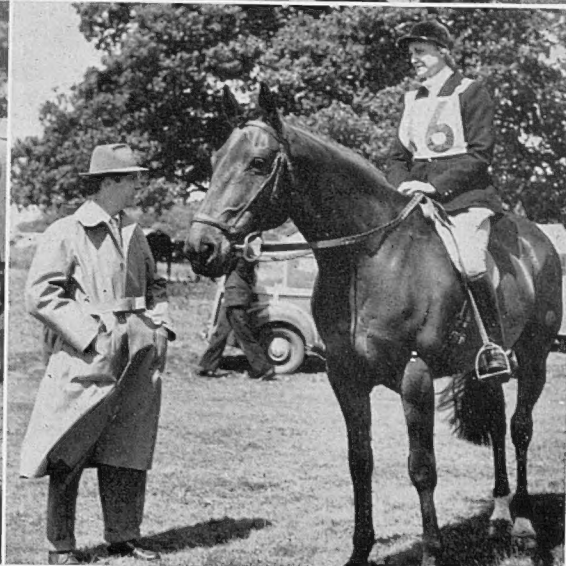


Miss Jenifer Johnson and Radar, winners of the Open Class, and Mr. Oscar Johnson

Mr. Jeremy Beale, second in the Intermediate, and Miss Mary Martin-Hurst



Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Anthony Gould, Miss Hilary Gould, Miss Vivien Gould



Mr. Robert Norman Hall and the Hon. Mrs. D. Allhusen on Benbulbin

Social Journal

CALYPSO PARTY

Jennifer

EXQUISITE flowers beautifully arranged by Lady Pulbrook were an outstanding feature of the very good dance which the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior gave at Claridge's for her younger daughter Deirdre, at which about five hundred friends were present. Brig. Senior received the guests with his wife and Deirdre, who looked enchanting in a dress of pale blue wild silk overchecked in white. Many friends gave dinner parties for the dance, and among the hosts and hostesses I saw there were Sir Donald and Lady Anderson, who brought their two attractive daughters in their party, Princess de Chimay, Sir Denys and the Hon. Lady Lowson, Lady Susan Askew, Lord and Lady McCorquodale, Mrs. Terence Maxwell, Brig. and Mrs. Derek Schreiber, the Earl of Mexborough, with the Countess of Mexborough in black with a beautiful tiara, the Hon. Randal and Mrs. Plunkett, Lord and Lady Monson, the latter wearing an exquisite tiara with a brocade dress, and Lord and Lady Pender, whose two sons the Hon. John and the Hon. Robin Denison-Pender were both there.

Viscountess Maitland I saw talking to Sir Rhys Llewellyn, and other guests were Major and Mrs. Victor Seeley, Col. and Mrs. Jack Hirsch, Col. Chandos Pole and his wife who was another wearing a tiara, and Mr. and Mrs. David Coleridge—she is Brig. and the Hon. Mrs. Senior's elder daughter.

Besides the usual dance band, there was an excellent calypso band, and among the large number of young people I saw dancing happily were Miss Gay Lowson, Mr. Billy Abel Smith, Miss Valerie Maxwell, Miss Amber Leslie, the Hon. Prue McCorquodale, Lady Sara Savile, Mr. Gerald Ward dancing with Miss Henrietta Tiarks, Baroness Darcy de Knayth, the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, Lady Rose Bligh, Miss Fiona Sheffield, the Earl of Clarendon, the Hon. Jeremy Monson, and his very attractive sister the Hon. Sandra Monson, just back from a six weeks' visit to relatives in America, wearing a lovely shocking pink and silver brocade dress.

Also present were many young marrieds including the Marquess and Marchioness of Hertford, Capt. and Mrs. Trevor Dawson, Capt. and Mrs. Michael Colvin sitting with her parents Sir Nicholas and Lady Cayzer, Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Marchant and Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Studd.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the most colourful diplomatic receptions to take place in London for a very long time was the one given by Chief M. E. F. Okorodudu, the High Commissioner for Western Nigeria in the United Kingdom. This took place at his fine Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens, and was to mark the official opening of Western Nigeria House and to welcome H.E. Sir John Rankine, the Governor of Western Nigeria, who stood in the receiving line with Chief Okorodudu and Chief the Hon. Obafemi Awelowe, the Premier of Western Nigeria, and members of the Western Nigeria Delegation to the Nigerian Constitutional Conference. Our host, members of the delegation and many other members of the Western Nigerian colony in London were wearing their very picturesque national costume—sometimes of gorgeous silks or brocades, and sometimes of exquisite broderie anglaise. Their headdresses, too, were either of stiffened patterned silk or richly embroidered velvets.

As the sun was shining many of the guests strolled out on to the terrace or in the garden. Many members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Colonial Service and Members of both Houses of Parliament were present. Among them were the very active Secretary of State for the Colonies Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, accompanied by Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd wearing a jaunty little rose-trimmed hat. The much loved and respected Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, the Norwegian Ambassador and his charming wife Mme. Prebensen, who looked elegant in steel grey, came in from their Embassy next door, and I met the Iraqi Ambassador and H.R.H. Princess Zeid El-Hussein, from across the road at the Iraqi Embassy. H.R.H., also in grey with a blue mink stole, looked very soignée, and as always radiated kindness and charm. A little farther on I met the Japanese Ambassador and Mme. Nishi, who were greeted by Sir Mortimer Wheeler. The charming Jordan Ambassador, who was a host himself two days later at their Embassy, came on his own. The High Commissioner for India, Mrs. Pandit, was warmly greeted by Lord and Lady Milverton and I met the very popular Mayor of Kensington, Mr. Francis Fisher, who had just been installed for another year, and his young daughter, Miss Lucy

*Godfrey Cake*

VIRGINIA CHOOSES A NOTE. The charming seven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Declan Dwyer, of Glanmire, near Cork, is a capable young pianist, and, as this photograph shows, takes her musical studies seriously. Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer have four other children



MISS VICTORIA TRUBSHAW was presented by her mother, Mrs. M. L. Trubshaw, in April this year, and is to have a dance in London this autumn



MISS SERENA CLARK-HALL is the daughter of Mrs. George Trotter, of Marnes House, Chirnside, Berwickshire. She is sharing a dance in August



MISS JULIET MARY ASH is the debutante daughter of Mrs. Heather Ash, of The Grange, Wendover, Bucks, and of the late Capt. J. W. Vincent Ash

Fisher, who so ably carries out the duties of Mayoress, Mrs. Gerald Legge, Mr. Oliver Messel, and Miss Winifred Atwell the talented pianist who was always surrounded by friends.

From here I went on for a short while to a delightful little party given by Dr. and Mrs. John Bucklëy at their charming house just off Onslow Square for Mr. Ray Salter and his fiancée, Miss Alicia Cooke. The Buckleys are very old friends of Mr. Salter's family, and had invited many friends and relations of both families, which was a charming idea, as so seldom is there time at a wedding for the friends of both bride and bridegroom to meet. Ray and Alicia are getting married at the end of July in Hampshire, where the bride's parents Colonel and Mrs. R. R. B. Cooke live.

★ ★ ★

THE lovely Duchess of Argyll, looking extremely chic in navy blue, and her attractive daughter, Miss Frances Sweeny, were among a big audience which also included Loelia Duchess of Westminster and many well-known personalities of the fashion world, looking at the display of autumn fashions by Horrockses at their fine showrooms off Hanover Square.

This is one of the houses which in the postwar years have become the leaders of fashion, using exceptionally clever designs, and carrying them out in the best of materials whether it is silks and cottons—many of which always appear at Royal Ascot—or the cotton corduroys, velvets, printed woollens, worsteds, brocades and nylons which were made up into their autumn fashions.

WITH dances held so often in the same surroundings, it is difficult not to sound monotonous when describing them. At the dance which Lady Diana Tiarks and Mrs. Henry Tiarks gave for their daughters, Miss Tania Tiarks and Miss Henrietta Tiarks, at Claridge's a few days after the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior's dance, Lady Pulbrook again did the flowers which were quite beautiful and all white with green foliage. This time one of the small reception rooms had been turned into a night club which opened after midnight, with murals of giant butterflies and a rather Parisian scene; there was a milk bar in another room where delicious milk shakes were served, and the whole of the restaurant, which looked most attractive with pale pink cloths on the tables which were all lit with pink candles in silver candelabra, was used for supper.

The two young girls, who stood receiving the guests with their parents, Mr. Peter and Lady Diana Tiarks and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, looked radiant. Both wore exquisite dresses of slipper satin, beaded and embroidered, Tania in white, and Henrietta in the softest pink. Many of their young friends, some of whom had come out in recent seasons, were there, but also a large number of older guests. To mention some of the younger ones first, as it was primarily a coming-out ball, there were Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, Miss Sheelin Maxwell, very attractive in white, her elder brother, Lord Farnham, Miss Kate Roosevelt, the gay and attractive Makins twins Cynthia and Molly, their débutante sister Miss Virginia Makins, Lord Patrick Beresford, Miss Ann Holbeck, Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart,

[Continued overleaf]



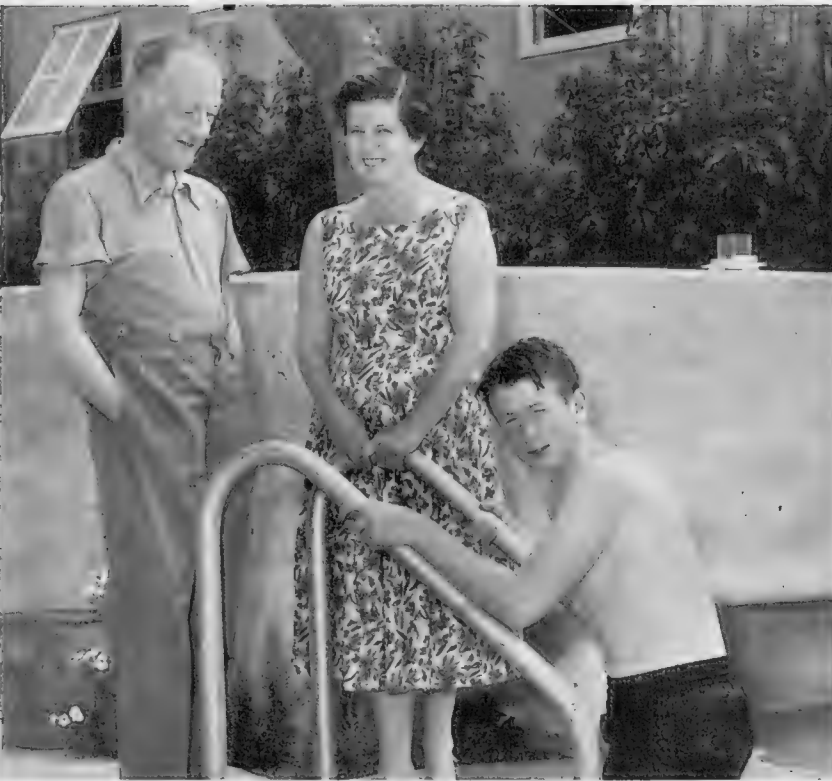
MISS GLENNA CRITCHLEY, whose mother Mrs. A. C. Critchley is a well-known golfer, is to have her coming-out dance at Wentworth Club this month



MISS JOANNA MELLON, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. R. R. Mellon, of Ashstead, was presented this year by her aunt, Mrs. M. Pleydell-Bouverie



MISS PHILIPPA DU BOULAY is the debutante daughter of Major N. H. Du Boulay and Mrs. Isabel Du Boulay, and granddaughter of Lady Elles



BRIGADIER AND MRS. A. G. L. MACLEAN and Mrs. Maclean's son, the Hon. James Grant, at the swimming pool of Waterloo House, Pembroke, Bermuda, where they have been staying on an extended visit to the island. Brig. Maclean is the producer of the 1957 Bermuda Searchlight Tattoo

Mr. Bruno Schroder, Miss Lorna Lyle, lovely in mauve, dancing with Mr. David Bailey, the Hon. Shaun Plunket and Prince Mukarram Jam, elder son of the Princess of Berar and grandson of the Nizam of Hyderabad.

Miss Frances Sweeney and her brother Brian were there, also the Marquess of Tavistock, Mr. Paul Channon, Miss Daphne Fairbanks, Mr. Patrick de Laszlo, Mr. John Slesinger, Miss Susan Tiarks, who looked enchanting in a deep pink dress, Mr. Obbie Waller, the Hon. Dermot Moore, Miss Penelope d'Erlanger, Mr. Nicholas Mountain, Miss Tessa Milne who had her own coming-out dance the previous evening, Miss Philippa du Boulay, Miss Joan Lawton, Mr. Christopher Wells, Miss Caroline Spicer and Miss Bella Sunley, who two nights later shared her coming-out ball (also at Claridge's) with her brother John, who was celebrating his twenty-first birthday.

There seemed far more older guests than young ones among the six hundred friends at Tania and Henrietta's ball. Among them were the Ambassadors of Sweden, Cuba, Portugal, Austria, Spain and Germany, four of them accompanied by their wives. Prince and Princess Frederick of Prussia were dancing, also the Princess of Berar, who wore the most superb diamond necklace, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the latter very pretty in white with a pink stole, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Prince and Princess de Chimay and their son-in-law and daughter the Marquess and Marchioness of Hertford, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Rafaelle Duchess of Leinster, the Earl and Countess of Winchelsea and Nottingham (he is Tania's cousin), Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, Earl and Countess De La Warr, their son and daughter-in-law Lord and Lady Buckhurst, the Earl of Dudley and the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke.

I ALSO saw the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava and her husband Judge John Maude, Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight, Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley, her son-in-law and daughter the Hon. Harry and Mrs. Cubitt, the latter very good looking in a superb spotted organza dress and fine ruby and diamond necklace, Mr. Adlai Stevenson over from the United States, the Maharajah and Maharanee of Jaipur, the Marquis and Marquise de Miramon, the Hon. Neville and Mrs. Berry, Lord and Lady John Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Viscount and Viscountess Knollys having supper with Lord and Lady Kindersley, Lord and Lady Dynevor, Sir Roger and Lady Makins, Sir Frederick and Lady Hoyer-Millar. The Hon. Gavin and Lady Irene Astor were guests, also Sir Roland and Lady Robinson, the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Ward, the latter in pale blue chiffon, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Col. and Mrs. Neil McLean, Lord Mancroft, Mr. Allan Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Peterson, Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Orthez, and Sir Norman Gwatkin who was having supper with Mrs. Alex Abel Smith, whose husband was one of the many members of the banking world at the ball. Some of the other banking personalities included Mr. Cameron Cobbold, Governor of the Bank of England, and Lady Hermione Cobbold, Sir Charles

and Lady Hambro, Mr. Helmut Schroder and Mr. and Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger.

★ ★ ★

A GREAT number of friends from diplomatic circles, from both Houses of Parliament, and from the Jordanian community in this country, attended the reception given by the Jordan Ambassador and Mme. Baha Ud-Din Toukan, at their Embassy in Palace Green. This was to celebrate the anniversary of Jordan's independence, and all present, together with millions of others all over the world, were full of admiration for the young King Hussein of Jordan, who recently has shown wisdom and strength in ruling firmly so that his country may not lose its independence.

Those present included the Iraqi Ambassador and Princess Zeid El-Hussein, the Belgian Ambassador and the Marquise du Parc Locmaria, the German Ambassador and Frau von Herwarth, and the Ambassadors of Chile, Afghanistan, Burma and Cambodia.

The acting High Commissioner for Canada was there with his wife and Mr. Walworth Barbour, Minister at the United States Embassy. Also the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, Cdr. Alan Noble, the Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, Sir Frederick Hoyer-Millar, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Fisher, and a great number more.

★ ★ ★

LADY HOYER-MILLAR kindly lent the lovely drawing-room of their Eaton Square home for a cocktail party and meeting to announce the results of the third Christmas Card competition, organized by the Adoption Committee among the Displaced Persons in Germany. These cards, well produced and printed, will be sold before Christmas to raise funds to help these unfortunate displaced persons who, alas, still number a great many thousands, and are living in very unhappy conditions, the majority with no job, no occupation, and nothing to occupy their minds. The German State pays them a minimum subsistence allowance, with no margin, but when the Adoption Committee for their aid raises a sum to help, the State authorities have been very good in doubling and sometimes trebling the sum, when it is to be used for some specific scheme to aid the displaced persons.

At the meeting that very charming and intelligent personality Lt.-Gen Sir Brian Horrocks, who carries out the duties of Black Rod with such distinction, made an excellent short speech, as did Joyce Grenfell and Kay Hammond, who had gallantly come up from Brighton especially to attend the meeting. Mrs. Victor Goodman, who is chairman of the Adoption Committee, which has its headquarters at 227 Edgware Road, was present, as were Mrs. Sherbrooke, the vice-chairman, and Mrs. F. C. Rigby, the honorary secretary. Lady Hoyer-Millar who is a member of the committee, was there, also Mrs. Victor Cavendish Bentinck, Lord Savile, Mr. Victor Goodman and Mr. Pat Buckley, another member of the committee.

Besides buying the Christmas cards (I saw them and would certainly choose the winning card, which is charming) which will be ready in November, and obtainable from headquarters, another way to help is to take tickets for the special performance of the play *A Dead Secret* by Rodney Ackland at the Piccadilly Theatre on June 26, which Tennents are kindly giving in aid of the Permanent Solution Fund of the Adoption Committee for aid of Displaced Persons. Tickets may be obtained from the committee headquarters.

★ ★ ★

THIS year there was a strong literary tone about the Anglo-Swedish dinner-dance which took place at Claridge's. The chief speaker was Lt.-Col. Eric Linklater who, without a single note, gave a most amusing speech, and the other guests of honour included Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. Charles Morgan, with Dr. Hamshaw Thomas. Sir Harold Wernher, President of the Society, presided, and also made an excellent speech, but in a slightly more serious vein than Mr. Linklater.

The Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf were present, also Lady Zia Wernher, Lord Sempill, chairman of the society, who spoke briefly, and Lady Sempill, Dr. Paul Brandberg, Director of the Swedish Institute in London, another speaker, and his wife, Lord and Lady Bruntisfield, Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare, Mrs. Eliot and Mrs. Hamshaw Thomas. Lord and Lady Kilmarnock brought a party including Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Patrick McLaughlin. Among Capt. E. Carlbom's party at his table were Mr. C. Bennison and Mr. and Mrs. Clogg and their attractive daughter Vivica, who is now finishing at the Monkey Club, and makes her début next year.

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SIX, Belgrave Square has, like Claridge's, been chosen by a lot of hostesses for their daughters' coming out dances this year. The most recent I attended there was the joint one given by Mrs. George Errington, who has only recently arrived over from Rhodesia, Mrs. Jack Hirsch and Mrs. Tommy Whitaker for their daughters Daphne Errington, Joanna Hirsch, and Susan Whitaker. When I arrived I

found all the rooms, where again beautiful flowers had been arranged, full of young friends who numbered about four hundred. Some were dancing in the first floor ballroom, and others in the Moulin Rouge night club arranged in the basement, where an excellent coloured band was playing. Joanna looked sweet in a pale blue dress, Daphne in white and Susan in deep blue organza. Space does not permit me to mention guests personally.

Many friends gave dinner parties for the dance, which was a very youthful and gay affair and went on happily until the early hours of the morning.

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EARLIER in the evening I had been to Grosvenor House for the Anglo-German dinner-ball organized by the Anglo-German Association. H.E. the German Ambassador was delayed in Bonn, and was unable to attend, so the guests were received by Frau von Herwarth who looked charming in black, with Dr. J. E. Ritter, Minister at the German Embassy, who deputized for the Ambassador, Lord Pakenham, chairman of the Association, and Lady Pakenham, looking very attractive in kingfisher blue. Their daughter the Hon. Judith Pakenham was there too, escorted by a young friend.

The guest of honour was the Minister of Defence, Mr. Duncan Sandys, while others present included the American Ambassador Mr. John Hay Whitney, Mrs. Ritter, Monsieur Jacques Tine, Minister Counsellor at the French Embassy, and Mme. Tine, Mr. Ian Harvey, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Mrs. Harvey, Sir Maurice and Lady Violet Bonham Carter, Lt.-General and Mrs. Coleman, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Philip Zulueta, the latter very attractive in a black crinoline with a white ermine cape, Baron and Baroness von Tschirschky, who brought a big party, the Marquess of Ely, Mr. Christopher Mayhew, M.P., and Mrs. Mayhew, the Dowager Lady Barlow, who also brought a party, Don Pasquale Brunas, the Italian Minister Counsellor, Sir Stanley Unwin, and many more. At the end of the dinner, Dr. Ritter proposed the loyal toast, and the speakers were Mr. Duncan Sandys, Mr. Ian Harvey, and Lord Pakenham. Later a band began to play, and soon the dance floor was crowded with guests.

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VISCOUNTESS KILMUIR is president of the Flying Saucer Ball which is to be held at Grosvenor House on Wednesday, June 19.

It seems that this is going to be a really amusing evening for, as it says in a note printed at the top of the letter, "the Martians are expected at midnight (British Summer Time)." Hermione Baddeley will, as a token of her gratitude, head the cabaret. Space-ships and flying saucers will be prominent in the décor, and a special soundtrack of outer space noises is being recorded.

This Ball is in aid of the International Society for the Welfare of Cripples, whose Congress this year is under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen. Tickets are obtainable from the Organizing Secretary, Vincent House, Vincent Square, London, S.W.1.

★ ★ ★

EVERY year there is a series of Commemoration Balls at Oxford and about every three years a college has one. This year it is the turn of Christ Church and plans are well ahead to make it one of the most brilliant events of the season, a great and memorable evening. Tickets for the ball on June 24 may be had from J. E. Previte, the Hon. Secretary, Christ Church Commemoration Ball, Christ Church, Oxford.



Mrs. Edwina King, Miss Caroline King and Miss Gillian Tomkins



Van Hallan

A HAMPSHIRE WEDDING

VISCOUNT BOYLE, son of the Earl and Countess of Shannon, married Miss Susan Margaret Rogers at Kingsclere. A reception at Ashe Park, Basingstoke followed. Above, the bride and bridegroom



Mrs. Archie Parker and Mr. Robert Lloyd were guests at the wedding



Mrs. J. M. Haywood, the bride's mother, with Mrs. L. I. T. Whitaker



Mrs. Geoffrey Carroll with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sullivan



Mr. Rodney Bax and Mrs. Bax were also guests



Van Hallan

R.A.F. HELD REGATTA IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

TWENTY-FIVE R.A.F. stations competed in the forty-one events at the Royal Air Force Rowing Club Regatta at Marlow, Bucks. Above, boys of the Marlow A.T.C. making their way to the semi-final of the Maiden Four, which they won in convincing style



Miss Clare Elworthy, daughter of A.V.-M. and Mrs. S. C. Elworthy



F/Lt. H. A. Probert, of the committee, and Mrs. Probert

S/Ldr. G. J. Henry, Mrs. C. E. Chilton, Air Vice-Marshal L. Dalton-Morris and Air Chief Marshal Sir Walter Dawson



Miss Anne Skivington, Miss Suzanne Dalton-Morris and Miss Prue Morgan with Mr. Nigel Turner, R.N., Mr. Iain Ross, R.N., and Mr. Peter Clarke, R.N.

ON LONDON RIVER

LADY LEY, Mrs. Charles Cornwall-Legh and Mrs. Rupert Smithers gave a party for their daughters Miss Annabel Ley, Miss Julia Cornwall-Legh and Miss Joanna Smithers aboard the Thames pleasure boat Royal Princess. Guests embarked at Cadogan Pier and danced to the music of a small band on the top deck as the boat cruised up river



Miss Diana Stoneham and Mr. David Ashton-Bostock



Miss Joanna Smithers, Miss Julia Cornwall-Legh and Miss Annabel Ley, the three debutantes for whom the party was given Desmond O'Neill



Mr. Tom Cook and Mr. Fergus Graham arriving with Miss Virginia Aked



Miss Deirdre Senior and Capt. Richard Barrow



Lord Oxmantown, Miss C. Croy, Miss B. Halford, Mr. C. Bauer

The Hon. Michael Spring-Rice and Miss Susan Hampshire

Miss Maxine Scott and Mr. Tim Miesegae



THE CULT OF THE DOLL IS ON THE MARCH

ALEX. POTTER, an eminent French journalist, writes here of an interesting hobby that flourishes particularly in America—the collecting of old dolls with a lively history and personality



BLANCHE is a well-built young lady twenty inches high, who is on display in the Bonaparte Room of the Maryland Historical Society. She has a Napoleonic history

A DOLL'S WARDROBE, fit for a Continental holiday, was made by Miss Anne Marvell, who specializes in this work



DOLL-COLLECTING now so fascinates many American women that they would give their life-savings—one of them says “the life-savings of their husbands”—for a rarity. If they had, say, £1,000 handy and could find one of the first dolls to reach America from England, they'd make a deal. That doll would be 373 years old.

During the colonization of Virginia, begun by Sir Walter Raleigh under Queen Elizabeth's protection in 1584, gifts of dolls were made to children of the Red Indians. A sixteenth-century engraving shows “A cheiff Ladye of Pomeiooc” accompanied by a child carrying a doll wearing an Elizabethan ruff and hat. The text says that the little Indian girls were “greatlye Diligted with puppets and babes which wear brought oute of England.”

The doll in that description, or an original one like it, would be a tremendous prize.

Collecting of dolls is now hobby No. 3 (after stamps and coins) in the United States. It sprang from talks about 1930 when a group of women in Massachusetts found they still loved dolls they had kept, and that many had similar ones, some of which were heirlooms.

The first collectors' club was formed in Massachusetts in 1935. Now there are three club organizations in the United States: The Doll Collectors of America, the United Federation of Doll Clubs, and the International Doll Club, with their associated magazines and bulletins.

The United Federation's annual convention at San Francisco in August will draw three hundred delegates from all parts of the country, plus a few husbands with the rôle, apparently, of writing cheques for their wives to buy new specimens for their collections.

AFTER the convention, members of the Oakland Doll Club will charter a bus and cross the bay to see the collection of Miss Violet Bennett, a publisher, who built a house on her property to accommodate her superb assembly.

Mrs. Luella Hart, a well-known collector, and writer on the subject, of Oakland, has been offered big sums for a Mary Callinack pedlar doll she bought in England, but says “Mary is now a friend of mine, so how could I sell her?” She has told Mary's story to numerous doll clubs.

Mary Callinack was a pedlar who in 1851, when eighty-five, walked from Cornwall to London to see the Great Exhibition, spoke to Queen Victoria (who described her as “a most hale old woman”), and had a cup of tea with the Lady Mayoress.

Mrs. Hart bought the doll from an old people's home in England to which it had been given. A card with the doll, giving a phonetic rendering of “Callinack,” said:

“Model of Mary Kelynack who lived in Newlyn, Cornwall, and walked to London in 1851 to see the Great Exhibition. The doll was dressed by my mother in 1867 and 68, who also made all the crocheted things and dressed the tiny dolls. Presented by Miss Pease.”



NINA (left) was called a spy doll as during the American Civil War she had quinine and morphia stuffed into her head for carriage between the lines. The Mary Callinack (above) is the historic doll referred to in the article. On the right is the wax Dauphin made some time before 1785



The card also says that in the eighteen sixties the assembling of pedlar dolls—with the miniature examples of wares—was a parlour game in England.

After visiting the Exhibition on a "shilling day" (there were also "five-shilling days") Mary had 5½d. left. She then called at the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor moved her to tears by giving her a sovereign.

A Japanese friend of Mrs. Hart gave her a doll which had been in his family about 250 years. It is a "magical" one called Otogiboko, and was used in families of either the Shinto or Buddhist faiths. Installed in a bedroom at the time of a birth it was supposed to take over the ills of a male child.

FOREIGN dolls are very popular in America. Miss Glenn Walker, of Pittsburgh, has some which with help from friends, and from travellers, consuls, missionaries, sailors, and so on, have come to her from a hundred countries. She has a small bisque, "blind" doll from England. Its eyes are blank, its dress was made by blind workers, and it was sold at a bazaar in England for funds of a school for the blind.

A treasured addition to any collection would be "Letitia Penn," historical star of three hundred famous dolls owned by Mrs. Imogene Anderson, of New York, and believed to be the oldest English example in America.

When William Penn, the Quaker who founded Pennsylvania, left England in 1699, his daughter Letitia took this doll with her. It is a Queen Anne wooden jointed model, twenty inches tall, with plaster-enamelled face and bust. It wears a tight-waisted basque dress of flowered and striped brocade velvet with a crinoline underskirt, and has lost an arm.

When Letitia Penn was created, dolls were made to order for wealthy clients. Few were owned by children. Mrs. Anderson wouldn't sell Letitia at any price.

And who, if they owned her, would sell Polly Sumner, now in the Old State House Museum at Boston, Mass?

Polly Sumner, a black-eyed English oak doll, was put in a shop window on Cornhill, Boston, on December 16, 1773, day

of the Boston Tea Party. She had been sent from England and was dressed in a splendid costume of the Court of George III. Her gown was of rich brocade over a large hoop. A pearl necklace and a cap with curling plumes made her chic.

A week after the Tea Party she was bought by Polly Sumner Williams, a young married lady of Boston, for a pound—quite a sum those days—and taken to the Sumner home to await the arrival of a daughter. The daughter, named Abigail, was born on June 16, 1775, and became titular owner of the doll the following day.

Roxbury was a target for British guns during the American Revolution, and the Sumners moved to Dorchester for nearly a year while the siege of Boston went on. Polly was redressed, first in 1777, and again on Abigail's eighteenth birthday, and often after that when she was owned by Abigail's daughter and niece.

AFTER the Civil War the doll was placed with other family treasures in the Norfolk Bank and later came into the possession of Mrs. Langeley, who gave it to the Old State Museum, where it may now be seen with a card, reading:

"Polly Sumner, purchased by Mrs. Williams, a relative of Governor Sumner in 1773. The old English oak of which she is made, enable her to withstand the caresses and abuses of five generations."

A little girl who had her holidays in Maine stopped on her way to and fro to see Polly. She became absorbed with the doll, and during the winters wrote to her. The curator of the Old State Museum, entering into the spirit of the thing, became ghost writer for Polly.

That's Polly Sumner's story. Who could sell her without a twinge? If you have a very old doll, don't throw it away. It may have a story. It may have a personality. It may fetch a good price—if you don't love it enough to keep it.

Footnote: Light on doll-collecting was thrown by an executive of a Paris factory who told me: "When we stopped making porcelain dolls long ago, we stored 20,000 away. By 1980, collectors will be queueing for them."



A MEMORIAL EXHIBITION of the witty and satirical drawings of Sir Max Beerbohm is on view at the Leicester Galleries this month. On the left is the young Mr. Winston Churchill in characteristic pose, drawn in 1910 and now in the possession of the Ashmolean Museum. The early drawing of "Max" by himself (above), debonair and delightful, can be compared with one made in 1949 when he was seventy-seven

Roundabout

GREATEST OF ALL THE WATER-PICNICS

HENLEY REGATTA will soon be upon us, and I wonder who, in the nineteen-fifties, would echo the lordly scorn of that sporting journalist of a little more than half a century ago who scorned it as a "gigantic middle-class water-picnic."

"In spite of what is written about it, smart society do not patronise it, but leave it to those whom our Gallic friends call *les bourgeois*, the would-be smart folk. It is a wonderfully pretty sight . . . but it soon palls." Thus our anonymous cliché-monger of 1903, and I am minded to observe, merely by the way, that if the constantly rising price of newsprint has done much harm to the press, it has nevertheless done this much good: we no longer write "our Gallic friends" when we mean simply "the French."

This very up-stage comment is quoted by R. D. Burnell, the oarsman, in his new book, *Henley Regatta: A History*, along with a rather different criticism from the 'eighties by a writer in *The Field*, who deplored the "ostentatious display of female finery, of flowers, of fruit, of wine, of viands" as "a modern innovation, and a sign of the luxurious selfishness of the times."

WHATEVER it was in the 'eighties, or at the turn of the century, Henley Regatta today seems not particularly luxurious, and bourgeois only in the Marxist sense—certainly quite free of both the dowdiness and the social climbing that the word was made to mean in 1903.

Bourgeois or luxurious, it is surely the most English of all sporting occasions, in spite of there being foreign challengers such as our cricket fields have never known. I was at Henley in 1954, when the first Soviet crews to enter won the Grand and

the Stewards' Cup, and a Soviet pair the Goblets, but their victories were no more resounding than those of the brave Belgians, fifty years before—they won the Grand three times in four years!—and the Soviet entry caused less consternation, and far less controversy, than that of the Americans, far back in the eighteen-seventies. Those, indeed, were class-conscious days, and the Americans were roundly accused of being neither amateurs nor gentlemen; the Americans, in their turn, said that the English might be both, but certainly weren't sportsmen.

MR. BURNELL's book is about the pretty riverside town and the river, as well as their regatta, and I relished immensely the letter he quotes that was written in 1725 by the bargemen of Reading to a bargemaster in Maidenhead, whom they regarded as filching their business:

"wee Bargemen of Redding thought to Acquaint you before 'tis too Late Dam you if y work a bote any more to Newbury wee will kill you if ever you come any more this way wee was very near shooting you last time wee went with pistols and was not too Minnets too Late, the first time your Boat lays at Redding Dam you wee will bore hols in her and sink her . . ."

One has often read—in yarns of piracy and the like—that a piece of spoken prose was "punctuated with oaths." Here, for once, is a written example, punctuated with oaths and with little else, for there are plenty more Dam yous in the rest of it, but not a single comma more than the solitary one in the extract here printed.

And who, incidentally, after reading that, would say that restrictive practices are a device of the twentieth century?

It seems a pity that the rank and title of midshipman is to disappear—has, in fact, already done so—from the storied annals of the Fleet.

Everybody is a technician now—there is actually such a rank, I fear, in one or other of the Services—and yet it seems only yesterday that somebody, somewhere, was enlightened enough to turn what had been plain “privates” in the Brigade of Guards, and in the rifle and fusilier regiments, into Guardsmen, Riflemen and Fusiliers. Why, then, had the ensigns of the Foot Guards of our own time to follow cornets of horse into the limbo of the lost?

Now, alas, it is the proud title of midshipman that has had to disappear, that Mr. Easy and Mr. Horatio Nelson were both in their turn proud to bear. To say nothing of Mr. Hornblower.

But this is hardly an age for fine new titles, whether in the Services or elsewhere. What have we created, in our time, to set against the Lord of the Isles, for instance, the Lord High Constable, the Queen's Champion or, abroad, “King of Kings, Lion of Judah”?

The answer to which, I suppose, lies in the remark of a friend of mine, that the most resounding title created in this country in our own time is the B.B.C.'s Director of the Spoken Word.

ONE of the most stimulating—and free—permanent exhibitions in London is the Design Centre, in the Haymarket, now rather more than a year old, and firmly established as a sort of small-scale Museum of the Modern Domestic Arts. Glasgow is lucky to be having one of its own—the first outside the capital.

The Design Centre is very much a place for young people to resort to (“Saturday afternoon is young couples' day,” an official told me)—a fact that ought to hearten the manufacturer-exhibitors, for here is their future market; but there are other, and rather more unexpected, applicants for the Centre's help.

It was a very enlightened country gentleman, for instance, with a splendid eighteenth-century house that he was opening to the public, who had to replace the tattered old curtains in his saloon or picture-gallery, and was too punctilious to stoop to reproductions. He turned to the Design Centre, and suggested that he ought to buy contemporary work that would “marry” with his heirlooms—that he should be a patron, in fact, like his ancestors. “Now *there's* a challenge to a modern designer,” they said at the Centre.

At the other extreme is the enterprising young businessman who asked the Design Centre to find him a suitable carpet for the floor of his helicopter.

Which reminds me, a little indirectly, of the caller I was told about who asked on what floor she would find the antiques: in contrast to whom is the American visitor who congratulated the staff on “the only place I've been shown in London that isn't a ruin.”

What I find pleasing about the Centre is that it is as severe in its criticism of the bogus “contemporary” as it is of the bogus antique.” Exhibits must be good of their kind, and there is no place here for “streamlining” for streamlining's sake, or those resolutely leggy legs. It was the Deputy Director himself who said, “Repro-contempo is worse than repro-jacko.” I applaud his sentiments, and envy him his neologisms.

—Cyril Ray



PETER HALL, one of our most brilliant young men of the theatre, is producing *Cymbeline*, with Dame Peggy Ashcroft, at Stratford-on-Avon in July. By good argury, it was the Stratford company that played Peter Brook's epoch-making *Titus Andronicus*, which recently also greatly impressed the theatregoers of Paris (an achievement The TATLER last week wrongly credited to the Old Vic). In September Mr. Hall is undertaking the production of a new Anouilh play, *Traveller With Luggage*, for the International Playwrights' Theatre

Vivienne



BRIGGS



by Graham



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander*
JUNE 12,
1957
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*Mr. Evelyn Baring, chairman of the Society,
and Mrs. John Baring*



*The Earl of Gosford in conversation with
Mme. L. W. Dupre*

*H.E. Sr. Alberto Candiotti, Mme. Candiotti, Lady Davidson
and Lord Davidson, President of the Society*

Desmond O'Neill

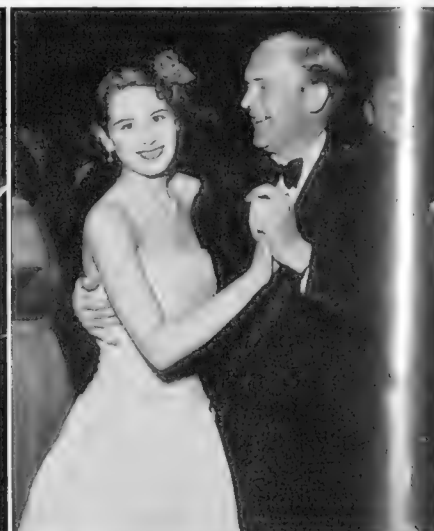
ANGLO-ARGENTINE BALL

MEMBERS of the Anglo-Argentine Society held their annual ball at the Savoy. The guests, including many South American diplomats, were received by Lord and Lady Davidson, Senor Alberto Candiotti, the Argentine Ambassador, and Mme. Candiotti

*Mr. R. Rojas, Mrs. Rojas, Mr. R. Tiscornia,
Mrs. Mimi Cassels and Mr. S. W. Chapman*



*Mrs. Weisweiler and Mr.
Rudolph Weisweiler*



*Miss Susan Longfield and the
Hon. Robert Biddulph*

*The Uruguayan Ambassador Sr. Dr. Don Jose
Quadros, Sra. Quadros and Sr. A. Castello-Branco*





Fony Armstrong Jones

Lord Howard de Walden's niece makes her début

MISS EVELYN HEATHCOAT-AMORY, who is the niece of Lord Howard de Walden, is the elder daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Heathcoat-Amory, and of the late Mr. Richard Heathcoat-Amory. She was presented to the Queen at Buckingham Palace earlier this year, and last month she shared a dance with Miss Elisabeth Grimston, at Gorhambury, St. Albans, Hertfordshire



PARIS. Princess Caroline Murat is the daughter of the late Prince Alexandre Murat. She was named after Napoleon's sister Caroline, who married her famous ancestor, Marshal Murat. Afterwards he became the King of Naples and the Two Sicilies naming himself King Joachim



GENOA. Donna Mariagrazia (Facco dei Marchesi) de Lagarda divides her time between London and Genoa. In London Donna Mariagrazia de Lagarda and her husband entertain their many English friends in their charming Belgravia flat. In Italy they have a country estate near Portofino.

Priscilla in Paris

THE AVENUE CINEMAS RECALL THE PAST

To spend an evening with dear ghosts of the past is a moving experience. I imagine that it might be almost unbearable if the ghosts were very near and dear to one.

A film is being shown here in which Max de Vaucorbeil presents extracts from famous pictures played by great artists who have died. Lines from Victor Hugo serve as a prologue, but, happily, to our very much alive Marcel Pagnol is due the epilogue and Henri Jeanson supplies the commentary that is spoken by François Perrier; these names need no introduction to British admirers of French films. The Vendôme and Avenue cinema houses that are showing the film are packed. Teenagers come to see what it is all about and are kind enough to approve; their elders, if not better, are there in the hope of recapturing past emotions and if their pleasure is blended with melancholy

all the greater is the tribute paid to the players that we miss so greatly.

Raimu in *La Femme Du Boulanger*; Jules Berry in *Les Visiteurs Du Soir* (though *Le Jour Se Lève* would have been a better choice); Marguerite Moreno in *Douce* have been seen in London. . . . Victor Bouchee, André Lefaur, Marguerite Deval, Harry Baur, Louis Jouvet are, perhaps, less well known to cinema patrons in England, but habitual visitors to Paris must not miss this production when they come over. It is entitled *Les Etoiles Ne Meurent Jamais*.

I FEEL apologetic when I write about the cinema because I am so ignorant of all the technicalities—and I prefer to remain that way! To me a film is a magnificent picture book and I can relax while I enjoy it. It also has one great superiority over the theatre that I love so greatly. If one is bored one can quietly get up and leave without hurting anyone's feelings unless, of course, one is clumsy with one's feet.

Ghosts from the past also for all elderly French spectators who are now seeing Michael Todd's sensational *Round The World In Eighty Days*. A stage version of Jules Verne's epic was given at the Théâtre du Châtelet in the earliest days of this century. The Châtelet is the Drury Lane of Paris and even so long ago astonished its patrons by its spectacular productions. Nevertheless, it would be amusing to compare photographs of the stage effort with the dazzling realization on the screen. For hours I have searched through old theatrical magazines in vain.

What annoys me is that I know I was taken to see the play. I must have been very small, for it is an absolute blank in my memory as a spectacle. I can only recall an absurd, ham-pro-nounced phrase—not that I knew what "ham" acting was then—





F. J. Goodman

MILAN. Signora Carla Venosta was photographed in her lovely home in the Via Vivaio. Her home houses a wonderful collection of old clocks. Shortly Signora Venosta will be leaving Italy as she is coming to live in England, where her husband is to take up an important industrial post

a woman's voice saying: "*Je vous remercie de votre généreux mensonge!*" That a falsehood could be considered "generous" evidently startled me. I wish it had startled me into remembering the action of the play and that I could have foreseen that some day I would be writing this page.

MORE dear ghosts have been walking at the Athénée theatre where Louis Jouvet's beautiful production of *L'Ecole Des Femmes* is being revived in Christian Bérard's fantastic and lovely setting. I can still hear the gasp of delighted surprise when, at the first night performance, the frontage of Arnolph's house, that took up all the front of the stage, opened like a cleanly sliced wedding cake revealing the espaliered walls of a prim garden in which Molière's exquisite Agnes walked.

The Agnes of this revival is seventeen-year-old Anna Toniatti, a newcomer to Paris who arrived from her native Switzerland two years ago to join the dramatic classes of the Conservatoire. She has the looks and the age for the rôle and we like to think that the dear ghosts will be happy.

The shop windows of the faubourg St. Honoré are holding their annual pageant. Ancient proverbs, this year, provide inspiration. Yvonne de Brémond d'Ars illustrates the French saying that "Old attics are the providence of newly-weds." Her window represents a timbered, dusty attic, complete with spider webs, old trunks and discarded furniture. Two ten-inch puppets are exploring and evidently are discovering treasures to scale with their own proportions: A baby's cot, pictures and portraits, silver, crockery, an osier bird cage, toys, a guitar, a hobby-horse and a minute ivory whistle that once belonged to Louis XIII who collected such incunabula... for all these enchanting miniatures are antiques that boast of pedigrees. A unique collection.

Embarras de richesses

- As from one connoisseur to another: "If you sold your collection of pictures you would be rich!" "Yes, but if I were rich, I'd buy them back."



PRINCE WILHELM, who is the brother of the King of Sweden, is a sportsman, world traveller and author, and now spends much of his time with his only son Count Bernadotte at his home on the island of Mainau on Lake Constance. He is seen here with Count and Countess Bernadotte and Cia, the youngest of their four children





"A MONTH OF SUNDAYS" (Cambridge Theatre). A. E. Matthews (left, above) comes up in fine form as an amiable old sponger who knows a good billet when he helps to make it habitable. While the man returning to nature views life glumly (Ian Hunter, centre), his wife (Jane Baxter) beams. Right, the three daughters, Rona Anderson, Diana Fairfax and Sylvia Bidmead, having been given fatherly advice by the old tramp, vie for the eye of the only man in their backwoods, Anthony Oliver (below). Drawings by Glan Williams

At the Theatre

THE ALL TOO SIMPLE LIFE

Anthony Cookman



MR. GERALD SAVORY, the *George And Margaret* Mr. Savory, assumes that the old joke against town dwellers trying optimistically to live the simple life in the country is still good for a laugh. If he should turn out to be right, after all, it will be chiefly because, providentially, Mr. A. E. Matthews appears at the door of the out-of-hand farmhouse in the guise of a gentleman tramp. Without this ingratiating old clinger to casual hospitality *A Month Of Sundays* at the Cambridge might be mistaken for a half-hearted attempt to dramatize some breezily humorous story found in a prewar magazine.

Yet the veteran actor's contribution to the plot is negligible. He is a presence in the farmhouse, sparing of speech but pervasive, touching with the spirit of natural comedy all the rather crude comic happenings that go on about him simply by observing them and throwing in an occasional dry comment. Small the part may be: the actor makes it big by putting himself into it.

Major Twomley-Bickford is the only character on the stage who seems a real person. The most impudent of spongers, he is also the most courteous. He is quick to understand when he is not wanted and effaces himself charmingly. When it is plain that he has worn out his welcome he instantly makes ready to leave, but what with a sudden fit of dizziness or the alarming spouting of some water pipe that he himself may have punctured, there is always something happening to postpone his departure.

He explains frankly that he has been working Cornwall in this way for heaven knows how many years. He fought in one war and sat out two others. Something happened somewhere to break his nerve, to put him in perpetual flight from responsibility, he is sorry about it, but he must live somewhere, the country owes an officer and a gentleman board and lodging, and he likes the people he has now quartered himself on. If everything goes well with their brave farming experiment he will be happy to spend the rest of his days among them.

MEANWHILE he knows a bit about engineering. He can make himself useful to the crazy business man turned amateur farmer who is trying to install a hot water system. So for most of the evening Mr. Matthews potters about with pipe-ends that perversely refuse to join, casually drops shrewd hints to the three urban sisters who are making the most of the only man within a dozen rural miles, and towards final curtain-fall temporarily sweeps the comedy aside and rambles through memories of the Zulu war much as in a recent comedy he rambled about through the history of the liver-fluke.

The comedy which Mr. Matthews thus humanizes by his watchful presence is all about the sufferings inflicted on the Sylvesters, a family of Knightsbridge flat-dwellers, by Oliver Sylvester, a cranky business man who wants to prove to himself that he can do what his grandfather did—make a piece of land keep himself and his dependants for six months. There is no hot water, the hens will not lay, hares evade the best aimed bullets, the vegetable marrows get lost underground, the mooing cow never ceases to ail, and so on and so forth.

Oliver's idealistic faith in the good earth is not to be shaken, and if Mrs. Sylvester did not surreptitiously stock the larder with tins they would all starve. The author has neatly differentiated the three girls who hurl themselves desperately at the hired man. Miss Rona Anderson, Miss Diana Fairfax and Miss Sylvia Bidmead give nicely contrasted performances, and Mr. Anthony Oliver comports himself with agreeable modesty in his privileged position. Miss Jane Baxter is the long-suffering mother whose sense of humour is her saving and Mr. Ian Hunter plays the crank with, I thought, insufficient emphasis on the crankiness.

ANNA MASSEY, whose stage début in the title rôle of *The Reluctant Débutante* was a great success, is now appearing as Penelope Shawn in Jack Popplewell's comedy, *Dear Delinquent* at the Westminster Theatre. The plot involves burglars, stolen jewels, and romantic complications, and the cast includes David Tomlinson. Miss Massey is the daughter of Raymond Massey, the Canadian actor, and Adrienne Allen (Mrs. W. Dwight Whitney)

Photograph by Angus McBean





*Mr. G. B. Simmill (Queen's) was here with
Miss Gillian Evans*



*Mr. H. J. A. Beechey-Newman with Mr. J. E.
Dove (Queen's)*

EIGHTS WEEK GAIETY ON THE ISIS

IN FINE WEATHER, and with a large and appreciative crowd watching the events from the towpath and the picturesque college barges and boathouses, Oxford University held its summer "Eights Week" in a traditional manner



*Miss Hilary Essex and Mr. P. G.
Roberts*



*Mr. D. W. Robinson was escorting
Miss Josephine Pike*



*Miss Alison Barr and Mr. John
Latham (St. Peter's Hall)*

*Mr. B. Howard, Mr. C. Dyer and Mr. D. Hardy, all of St.
Peter's Hall, discuss the racing*

*Mr. R. D. Earle, Mr. J. C. Stevenson-Hamilton, Mr. J. P. N.
Galloway with Mr. W. J. Shore*





A St. Peter's Hall eight leaving the University Boat House

P. C. Palmer

*Lindsay Evans, Miss Rose Arthur
and Mrs. Sally Hilton*

*Mr. M. Ager, Miss Catherine Morgan
with Miss Gillian Bach*

*Miss Joan Partington, Miss Barbara
Paine and Mr. A. Netherton*



At the Pictures

A FILM ONLY FRANCE COULD HAVE MADE

THE setting of M. Ralph Habib's admirable film, *La Loi Des Rues*, is the seamy side of Paris in the grim early 1930s—and it is all most satisfactorily French. There is no sign here of the American influence I recently so deplored: M. Habib's picture is as indigenous as M. René Clair's *Sous Les Toits De Paris*—of which, indeed, it is somewhat reminiscent in milieu, atmosphere and theme.

The story is of a friendship between two down-at-heel young fellows. Yves (sensitively played by M. Jean Louis Trintignant) is an eighteen-year-old fugitive from a reform school: La Glace (burly M. Jean Gaven), slightly his senior, is a graduate from the same establishment. When Yves arrives in Paris, La Glace takes him under his wing, procures forged papers for him and introduces him to a life of petty crime.

The younger boy would willingly take an honest job but there is none to be had and from bag-snatching and robbery with violence he drifts into working for Jo (M. Raymond Pellegrin), a white slave trader and dope-peddler. La Glace, who has his own rough set of principles, draws the line at this and incurs Jo's anger by threatening to expose him if he continues to employ Yves.

It is only a matter of time before Jo takes his revenge. He murders La Glace. Obeying the law of the streets, the unhappy Yves, who has no desire but to live in peace as best he may, finds himself pledged to kill his friend's murderer. The intervention of an elderly café proprietor, M. Fernand Ledoux, saves him from this projected piece of criminal folly and gives him a chance to start a new life.

The drama is played out against a background of shady bistros, cheap dance-halls and mean streets: its squalor is relieved by the shining loyalty of the two friends, by the kindness that somehow manages to exist among the poor, and by a tender little love affair between Yves and a wistful young girl—the appealing Mlle. Josette Arno.

Mr. Jeff Chandler goes from strength to strength as an actor and gives his best performance yet as the sheriff of a Texan town in *Pay The Devil*. A Mexican boy employed on the vast ranch of a cattle king, pui-sy Mr. Orson Welles (wearing a false nose to emphasize his arrogance), is brutally murdered. Another Mexican who has witnessed the killing reports it to Mr. Chandler. Against the advice of his fellow citizens, to whom the death of a Mexican or two is a matter of complete indifference, Mr. Chandler decides to investigate the affair.

Every obstacle is put in his way by the townspeople, who depend for their livelihood on the cattle king's patronage—but the upright sheriff doggedly goes it alone and eventually succeeds in shaming them into the support of justice. Mr. Chandler appears to be physically as well as morally indestructible. The attacks he survives are enough to reduce any but a man of iron to a pulp and, I confess, made me shudder. Though definitely not for the squeamish, this is a good, hard, honest film all the same.

WHATEVER you may think of the commentary attached to *The Lost Continent*—and, I thought little of it—you cannot fail to be enchanted, moved and wonder-struck by the visual beauty of this remarkable film. Count Leonardo Bonzi, heading an Italian expedition, followed the ancient route of Marco Polo over the China Sea and spent ten halcyon months visiting Borneo, Bali, Java, Siam and the volcanic islands of the Malay archipelago which are all that remain of a continent long since submerged.

Even in modern China—Hong Kong, blazing with neon signs like a vast Piccadilly Circus—he finds remnants of age-old traditions: a fisherman's wedding, celebrated with pomp, gaiety and fireworks, culminates in the breathless moment when the young bridegroom tremulously parts the veil of the bride who has been chosen for him and looks upon her for the first time.

But it is in the islands, where the whole of life is governed by



strange and lovely religious ritual, that the full spell is cast. By prayer and sacrifice the menacing volcanoes must be placated. In soaring temples of incredible beauty, dedicated monks perform the ancient offices of appeasement: a young girl stoically undergoes her initiation as a nun. In the ricefields, holy as temples to a people whose only riches they represent, none but the pure—children and virgins—may tend the crop. (I confess it crossed my ignoble Occidental mind that this might have been a ruse invented by work-shy men—but I instantly banished the thought.)

As the crop matures, pilgrimages are made to the tops of the volcanoes, where the wind moans round with many voices, and humble gifts are offered to the hungry gods. The harvest is celebrated by feasting, bullock-racing (yoked together in pairs, the beasts show an amazing turn of speed), cock-fighting and a no less scarifying form of wrestling-cum-boxing match in which two muscular opponents use hands, elbows, shoulders, knees and feet to belabour one another. At night, by the light of fires and to music of an unearthly sweetness, nine-year-old dancing-girls, richly costumed, mime the antique legends.

AMONG the fisher-folk the sea is the all-powerful. When the men set out in their frail craft, the women come down to the shore to sing gentle songs and strew flowers upon the waves which, they hope, will then deal kindly with their loved ones. If a fisherman is lost, there is no mourning: so convinced are these people of a better life after death, that this is an occasion for rejoicing and revelry.

Borneo affords an astonishing sight; herds of elephants, freed from bondage for three years to reproduce themselves, are rounded up to be put back to work. Grumbling mightily the huge creatures, accompanied by their plaintively trumpeting young, allow themselves to be shepherded into fenced off compounds by men armed, as far as one could see, with nothing more than drums, gongs and bamboo canes.

On a four-hundred-mile river-journey to the home of the Dyaks, the commentary introduces the one false note in the film. "The head-hunters were watching us but we couldn't see them," says the commentator. Well, the camera certainly could. It must have gone roving off on its own.

—*Elsbeth Grant*



"THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON," Barrie's brilliant fantasy of the social convulsions that follow the stranding on a desert island of an Edwardian group, has now been brought to the screen in Technicolor. Below and left, Cecil Parker as Lord Loam, and Kenneth More as Crichton the butler, at the opposite extremes of their relationship. Above, Sally Ann Howes as Lady Mary who enjoys being a castaway



Book Reviews

LITERARY EVIL GENIUS

SOME say, our present-day novelists show less interest in character than they do in plot. Certainly, most contemporary novels tend to have quick-moving stories—and a good thing, too! But it would be a pity if character-creation—by means of which Victorian fiction drew its enormous public—really were on the wane. Encouraging evidence to the contrary comes from some younger writers, and very notably from Lalage Pulvertoft, whose second book is to hand. **The Thing Desired** (Becker & Warburg, 16s.) has as centre a monster figure, one Adam Chard—a man not likely to be forgotten.

Chard, to be simple, is a power for evil. He is a man of letters, aged fifty-two: his reputation is greater than his accomplishment—he is indeed described by one of his juniors as having “become almost a household word without writing a thing.” Exaggerated as this verdict may be, Chard himself is prey to secret uneasiness: intellectually he knows himself to fall short, which makes the praise which pours in on him a mockery. Is it out of revenge for this inner failure that he devours, devastates other lives—and, in particular, those of women? “He’s a cannibal,” declares Evelyn Harris, who, once his mistress, has continued to love him willy-nilly.

Mrs. Harris’s warning goes to the girl Caroline—who, on the rebound from what seems a disaster has come under Chard’s influence and is engaged to marry him. That is, to marry him when a divorce is through; for Chard has a wife, Julia, a distraught creature now in a private mental hospital in the South of France. The child of his marriage, Sarah, is in banishment also—though, so far, in nothing worse than a London boarding-school.

THROUGHOUT *The Thing Desired*, Miss Pulvertoft’s presentation of the character of Chard is subtle, gradual—so much so that, in the early chapters, the reader, like his victims inside the story, might well be in danger of falling under his spell. Admirable host in his Dorset house (where Caroline, first, is brought for a week-end party), courteous and sympathetic to the young, engagingly modest though a celebrity, this seems exactly the man one might wish to meet, and whose civilized friendship one would value. Only slowly, through a series of scenes, incidents, revelations in talk, do his deadly proclivities appear.

Many indeed are heart-breakers—yet after all, for women they’re a recognizable occupational risk! Chard does not merely break hearts, he does something worse—shatters nerve, drops acid on illusion, ruins morale. Having all but undermined the sanity of his wife, Julia, he is now at work on his daughter on the same lines—ironically, there burns in the awkward child that spark of genius lacking in her father. In Caroline Arnold—young, cool, poised, independent and self-contained, very much a girl of the 1950s—he spots a fresh victim worthy of his metal.

Were Chard a wholly black, gratuitous villain, he would not be as interesting as he is. By the end, we have perceived him to be a casualty, who less than half understands his own twisted motives: not without pity we see what lies at their root. And he is to pay with his life for a noble impulse. . . . A like complexity, though taking other forms, appears in the other characters in *The Thing Desired*—Julia Chard and little Sarah, Miss Emily the headmistress, Tommy the hanger-on, seedy Mr. Henry, Caroline’s Chelsea landlord, and the aforementioned generous Evelyn Harris. Hugh Delacott, artist (who is Caroline’s contemporary and *real* problem) is, too, out-and-out convincing—he rivals Chard, in this novel, in more than one sense.

★ ★ ★

A SHORT novel, **The Prodigy** (Peter Owen & Vision Press, 15s.) stirs a long stream of thought. Nor can one wonder: the author is Hermann Hesse, Nobel Prize Winner for Literature, 1946—and now, since the death of Thomas Mann, undisputed living master of German fiction. This is the story of a brilliant boy, forced ahead by a harsh academic system, of his breakdown, and of its bewildered aftermath. Young Hans Giebenrath—sensitive, life-loving and of ardent temperament—is the victim of other people’s ambition: his father, the local schoolmaster and the pastor have all made up their minds that he *must* excel.



GOYA: this self-portrait, painted when the artist was about sixty-five, is reproduced in “Saturn: An Essay On Goya” by Andre Malraux (Phaidon Press, 47s. 6d.)

MARGARET LATON of Rawdon, painted between 1620 and 1625, illustrates women’s dress in “The Stuart Period” (Connoisseur Period Guides, 42s.)





A PAINTING by James Page-Roberts, a young English landscape painter whose work can be seen at the Galerie de Seine, 11 West Halkin Street, until June 25

PRINNY in his prime: an engraving of the future George IV in 1789. One of the illustrations in "Heirs Apparent" by Thomas Sidney (Allan Wingate, 25s.)



Does he not already bid fair to become the pride of his small home-town in the Black Forest?

For talented boys in Swabia, the author tells us, "there was but one narrow path and it was to the Seminary by way of the Landexamen and thence to the Protestant Theological College at Tübingen and from there either to the pulpit or the lecturing desk. . . . Once again the Landexamen was due to take place in a few weeks' time. . . . Hans Giebenrath was the sole candidate whom the little town considered worth sending up for the painful ordeal of this competitive examination." Young Hans disappoints no hopes: he gains second place, among candidates from every part of the province. Yet success marks him out for personal tragedy.

THE Seminary is finely drawn, Hans's failure only too well accounted for. "A schoolmaster," Herr Hesse boldly says, "would rather have a whole class of duffers than one genius, and strictly speaking he is right, for his task is not to educate unusual boys but to produce good Latinists, mathematicians, and good honest fools." A close emotional friendship with another boy, followed by despair when his friend runs away from school, deals the final blow to the high-strung Hans's equilibrium. Sent back home again, under a shadow, the sad "prodigy" tries, ever in vain, first to recapture lost early pleasures, then to lose himself in adolescent excess. "His betrayed and violated childhood surged up in him like a long pent-up spring."

The sadness of *The Prodigy* is mitigated by extreme beauty—the Black Forest setting, the joys of fishing, the moods of Nature. In places, this study of youthful feeling could rival Turgenev's *First Love*. . . . One reminds oneself, this was pre-1914 Germany: could there be such cases here in Britain, today? No harm, perhaps, that we should take warning! . . . This English translation, work of W. J. Strachan, does justice to the author's distinctive prose.

—Elizabeth Bowen



Isobel Mayne (Baron Studios)

ABOVE: A pale lemon nylon nightdress and matching bed-jacket from Dickins and Jones. The Empire line nightdress with trellis stitching and ribboned bodice costs £5 19s. 6d., lace trimmed bedjacket, £3 2s. 6d.

Fashions by Isobel
Vicomtesse d'Orthez

RIGHT: This floating negligee matches the nightdress and jacket above. It has a trellis-stitched, lace-trimmed yoke and sleeves, and a deep frilled hem. £8 14s. 6d. at Dickins and Jones

ROMANTIC nightdresses and negligees are now a practical proposition. In these days of synthetic fabrics, diaphanous confections of lace and ruffles present no problem to wash, and few of them need any ironing. On the right is a filmy nightgown and negligee by Helen Stuart. In chartreuse green nylon under white, lavishly trimmed and ruffled in white Valenciennes lace, 9 gns. and £14 at Marshall & Snelgrove and leading stores

BY CANDLELIGHT







In soft peach pink, this lace-trimmed nylon slip and knicker set by Swyzerli costs £8 5s. 11d. and is also obtainable in white from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street

WELL-CHOSEN girdles and bras are a must if good clothes are to be given their due. If chosen well, foundation garments should give a clearly defined line to your figure, and disperse any obtrusive surplus inches. Pretty underclothes, especially now that they are so easily washed and dried, and made in such lovely colours, are a boost to any woman's morale



Chartreuse green nylon under white is used for this half slip by Helen Stuart; trimmed with insertions of Valenciennes lace. £3 15s. at Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street

GLAMOROUS BASIS



A pretty summer bra by Gossard in white nylon lace; circle stitching below the cups gives a firm outline. Price 20s. 6d. at Bourne & Hollingsworth



In white nylon lace and cushioned elastic, this bra by Au Fait combines well-shaped uplift with a bare back, 29s. 6d. at Bourne & Hollingsworth

Nylon power net cut-up girdle in willow grey, made by Youthcraft; from their new range of coloured corsetry. 55s. at Dickins & Jones



Noel Mayne (Baron Studios)

FOR ELEGANCE



ABOVE: Warner's Merry Widow corselette of black nylon lace lined with nylon marquisette dips low at the back and has front zip-fastening, detachable straps and suspenders, £6 16s. 6d., also in white, at Marshall and Snelgrove. Below: Fantasie's nylon net pantie girdle has a front panel of embroidered nylon voile, 3 gns., nylon bra, 11. 9d., at Marshall and Snelgrove



BELOW: This strapless corselette by Youthlines in candy pink elastic nylon net has a nylon voile front panel embroidered and piped in deep rose. This costs £5 10s. and is from Harvey Nichols

Foundations for beauty

RIGHT: This long-line corselette by Fantasie in white nylon elastic net has cups and front panel of embroidered nylon. A satin elastic panel reinforces the back. This costs £4 19s. 6d., Marshall and Snelgrove







CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

IN different moods we show a rose-printed short evening dress in cotton by Horrockses. This strapless dress is patterned with sun-yellow roses on a white ground, the skirt is full, and the waist is accentuated by a wide swathed cummerbund; a matching stole is worn with it (left)

DANCING PARTNER

OVER the dress (left and opposite) is worn a cotton poplin coat with wide cuffed sleeves and deep patch pockets, useful for day or evening. The dress costs 10 gns., the coat in pastel colours 67s. 6d., the pearl necklace and earrings 18s. 6d. and the gloves 10s. 11d. All from Swan and Edgar







This beautifully packed picnic case, complete with vacuum flasks, jars, sandwich boxes, cutlery and china costs £25 15s. at Asprey & Co. Ltd.

Eating and drinking in the open air

THE charm of al fresco meals is considerably heightened by good picnic accessories. Specially designed cases and baskets containing vacuum flasks, airtight boxes and jars, and all mealtime necessities will prevent such tragedies as coffee in the chicken sandwiches and sugar on the Camembert cheese

—JEAN CLELAND



A fully fitted picnic case designed to provide lunch and tea for six people, made in two sections, £24 from Debenham & Freebody



Left: This red case contains compartments for different-sized bottles, for an ice-container, glasses, knife and opener, £8 10s. at Asprey



Right: A two-person picnic case in white spotted red leathercloth, with vacuum flasks, food box, milk bottles, knife, spoons, cups and plates, £4 17s. 6d., Debenham & Freebody have it in stock



Two useful insulated picnic bags to keep food either hot or cold for about four hours, costing £3 15s. each from Asprey & Co. Ltd.



Dennis Smith

An original picnic basket for four people; its shape is inspired by an Italian fish basket. £10 19s. 6d. Debenham & Freebody

Beauty

Complexions of
mermaid charm

Jean Cleland



Dennis Smith
NIGHTDRESS AND NEGLIGEE in blue nylon,
trimmed with white lace and permanent
pleating, costing 16½ gns.; Elizabeth Arden.
The model is using one of the moisture creams

WHEN a flower droops, it is an indication that it lacks moisture. Beauty experts have discovered that the same thing applies to the skin. As the moisture dries out (which happens as we grow older) the skin starts to age. How to arrest this condition is a problem with which several famous beauty firms have been concerning themselves for a long time past. Now, almost simultaneously, they have produced preparations designed to give back to the skin the moisture that it lacks. . . . These should prove especially helpful during the dry weather, and so I feel this is the best moment to bring them to your notice.

From Lancôme there is a whole series called "Ligne Oceane"; from Elizabeth Arden "Velva Moisture Film"; and from Helena Rubinstein "Skin Dew." Since I believe that these moisture preparations are a valuable contribution to skin beauty, I should like to tell you about them in the order in which they came to me.

Lancôme's were first, so we will start with them. The name of their preparations, "Ligne Oceane," indicates the nature of their initial research, which was based on the idea of skin hydration, and the fact that the moisture of the skin cells is almost identical with that of sea water. Realizing this, Lancôme set to work to match up the natural fluids with ingredients and properties found in such ocean plants as seaweed and sea water extracts. From these, they created rehydration night creams, lotions, foundations and a special mask.

The preparations are designed to encourage and coax back the natural moisture of the skin, and, all but the mask, are made in different strengths to suit different conditions. The mask is in a class by itself, and is good for all types of skin. This applies even to the alipic (very dry) type, as it is both hydrating and non-drying. It contains sea elements and vegetable extracts.

THE skin diagnosis by which the Lancôme experts and sales assistants determine which of their various "Ligne Oceane" preparations are suitable for the individual skin, is interesting, because it takes into consideration not only the dryness or oiliness, but the water content as well. This is important because, while a skin that is oily may quite likely be lacking in moisture, one that appears dry can be just the reverse.

Elizabeth Arden's "Velva Moisture Film" is designed to "arrest the drying hand of time," and give the skin a young, dewy look. Those who dislike using a greasy skin food at night will find this preparation particularly useful since, while it is greaseless and invisible, it is also gently lubricating. During the day it can be worn under any foundation, and indeed helps the foundation to go on more smoothly. "Moisture Film" can also be used on the body, and is excellent for beautifying the back and shoulders, and for softening the elbows.

Lastly, Helena Rubinstein's "Skin Dew" which is described as a "sleeping beauty treatment." Helena Rubinstein was the first to popularize the use of hormone creams to maintain moisture in the skin. Now she introduces "Skin Dew" which is a creamy lotion without hormones, but with special maintenance qualities for dry and normal skins. Already a great success in America, this new preparation is being launched simultaneously in France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria and this country. The formula contains exclusive *ferments lactiques*—concentrated milk ferments which help to maintain the healthy acid balance of the skin. This makes it beneficial for preventing flakiness and blemishes caused by bacteria. It should be used at night and during the day under the make-up. Helena Rubinstein stresses that it is suitable for all types of skin, and is an ideal protection against wind, sun and cold.

I have been trying out these various preparations, and the feeling one has after using them is that the skin is not only softer, but altogether more supple and pliant.



Michael Wallis

Miss Alicia Cooke, only daughter of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. R. B. B. Cooke, of Poland House, Odiham, Hants, is to marry Mr. Ray Salter, only son of the late Mr. Harold C. Salter and of Mrs. Salter, of Shelton House, Sloane St.

THEY ARE ENGAGED

Miss Janette Helen Begg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Begg, of Queen's Gate, Glasgow, is to marry Mr. Rory Martin Somerville Gubbins, son of Maj.-Gen. Sir Colin McVean Gubbins, of White House Farm, Lacey Green, Ayresbury, and of Mrs. N. Gubbins, of Harrold, Beds



Norton Pratt

Miss Gillian Rolls, elder daughter of Mr. Ralph Rolls, of Kemishford, Woking, and of Mrs. Joyce Rolls, of Fletching, Sussex, is to marry Mr. John Macaulay Eckersley, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Eckersley, of Larchwood, Northwood, Middlesex



Miss Jane Mary Sibley, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Sibley, of Astell Street, London, S.W.3, is engaged to Mr. John Mansell Philipson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. John Philipson, of The White Cottage, Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire



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Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK • 25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W.1 • PARIS



Maj.-Gen. David Dawnay last year succeeded the late Sir John Crocker Bulteel as the Queen's Representative at Ascot, and Clerk of the Course

Mr. Jack S. Gerber's Drumbeat ridden by W. Snaith runs in the King's Stand Stakes



Also running in this race is Mr. C. R. Harper's Ennis, seen winning the Frogmore Plate, W. H. Carr up



Racing at Kempton Park was Mr. Stanhope Joel's Matador, which is a favourite for these stakes



Racing

ROYAL ASCOT'S PROMISE

As the four-day Royal Ascot Meeting approaches, one can reflect thankfully what a blessing it is to be a man. We, after all, have only to confront the problems associated with the racing results, trying to look cheerful whatever the outcome—and buy the champagne.

We are, of course, asked to lend our opinion to those everlasting feminine discussions which seek to equate the various items of the Ascot wardrobe with the unpredictability of the weather. (Sample: "Oh, if only I *knew* for sure that it would be fine on Gold Cup Day, then I could keep the chiffon for Thursday and wear the flowered silk today. . . .")

All that the male can do to help, if in the vicinity of London, is to dial WEA 2211 and ask for the latest meteorological forecast.

This year's meeting will be held under the auspices of the new Clerk of the Course, Maj.-Gen. David Dawnay, C.B., D.S.O., successor to the late Sir John Crocker Bulteel. In his first year of office he has had to meet the challenge posed by the cloudburst last autumn, which caused subsidence on several parts of the course and necessitated the October 12 and 13 racing dates being transferred to Kempton Park. Experts called in at the time made gloomy forecasts, but we are accustomed for the miraculous to be achieved at Ascot, and the straight mile is expected to be restored to its usual immaculate condition by the time the first race—the Queen Anne Stakes, whose name commemorates the sport-loving ruler who founded this meeting in 1711—is run on Tuesday. This, incidentally, may be won by Mrs. Hope Hanes's Stone of Fortune, trained by Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort.

By the way, those who would like to follow a simple, easy-to-remember system during the four days, could do worse than back all the Boyd-Rochfort horses each way. Other horses from this stable with good chances include Almeria, who should carry the Royal colours to popular success in the Ribblesdale Stakes, Atlas, Caperer and Procedure.

Atlas was not quite fit when second to Curry in the Chester Cup, and has been specially trained all year for Thursday's Ascot Gold Cup, traditionally the centrepiece of the meeting. There will, as usual, be strong opposition from the Continent, notably Mr. R. B. Strassburger's Cambremer, winner of last year's St. Leger, from France, and the Marquese Incisa's Tissot, carrying the famous white-and-red Ribot colours, from Italy.

Negotiations for the sale of Tissot were started last month, and the Italians think this brilliant four-year-old colt is another champion in the tradition of Nearco and other famous horses from the Dormello stable.

Lord Astor's Hornbeam will also attract many supporters, for visitors to York came away with the opinion that Joe Mercer had cut things a shade too fine when narrowly failing to catch the 50-1 outsider, Souverlone, for the Yorkshire Cup.

Ascot invariably helps to sort out the tangled web of two-year-old form. In the writer's opinion, the best seen out so far are Lord Howard de Walden's Amerigo, and Mr. Tom Blackwell's Rich and Rare. Amerigo showed traces of an obstreperous temperament at Hurst Park before his race, but after being crossed at the start and losing half a dozen lengths, he ran brilliantly to recover the ground and take the lead in the last furlong. Rich and Rare is trained by Jack Jarvis, who had turned out six individual two-year-old winners before the end of May. Rich and Rare, a winner at Newmarket on her first attempt and conqueror of Mr. Snake at Kempton, is thought to be one of the best of them.

One of the most thrilling events of the meeting will be reserved for the King's Stand Stakes, the last race on Friday, which seems likely to bring into opposition those brilliant sprinters, Mr. Stanhope Joel's Matador, Mr. Claude Harper's Ennis and Mr. Jack Gerber's Drumbeat (if no worse for a preliminary race on the preceding day). These are the three fastest horses in England, and the prospect of having to name the winner for the traditional "getting out" stakes fills one with foreboding.

—Ormonde



Her Majesty's "Alexander" winning the Royal Hunt Cup, 1956

Royal Ascot

— U — U — U — U —

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Our representatives will be in their usual place on the 'rails'



ROOTES' latest model to be unveiled is the new Humber Hawk, which, with its lower lines, more power and choice of automatic transmission, is a design breakaway for this most popular model

Motoring

JAGUAR LEAPS FORWARD WITH DISK BRAKES

MOTORISTS at this particular moment are like restive small boys in the classroom on a sunny afternoon. Their minds are not on their lessons, but on Le Mans, La Baule and Rouen. As Le Mans approaches it becomes increasingly difficult to direct their attention to any other subject.

This preoccupation with the twenty-four hours race makes it difficult to deal adequately with other important motoring events. I have postponed mention, for instance, of certain new models. Fortunately, however, one new model, announced at the end of May, can be treated here today without any risk that a charge of irrelevance will be levelled against me. It is the Jaguar XK150.

Good accounts of the new Jaguar were given in the newspapers at the time it was announced; but I felt that the background to the introduction of disk brakes on all four wheels was neglected. The fact is that the 1953 Jaguar victory at Le Mans was the first victory for a car fitted with these brakes in any major international sports car race. Before that convincing demonstration, there had always been doubts about disk brakes. Jaguars had been working on their development for four years and although they had had exceedingly promising results, they had also had occasionally exceedingly disappointing ones.

Foreign car manufacturers and many other English manufacturers were timid. The difficulties of introducing such a brake



into a production car seemed enormous. None can blame them for sticking to drum brakes. But all who admire technical and engineering advances were longing for the production model with disks. They knew that the theory on which this kind of brake is based is irrefutable. They knew that the one thing standing between those brakes and the larger motoring public was intensive, sustained, expensive and arduous development work.

Jaguar—and we must not forget to join with them the name of Dunlop—undertook this work and are now able to record full success. This is the great background story of the XK150. It is a story which extends to 1949 when a set of experimental disk brakes was fitted to a Jaguar. The standard XK150 fixed head coupé costs—with tax—£1,763 17s. and the standard XK150 drophead coupé £1,793 17s. At somewhat higher prices there are the special equipment models and the models with automatic transmission by Borg Warner and with Laycock de Normanville overdrive on top.

THE Paris Salon de l'Aéronautique was a test for the British European Airways Corporation. Many people made use of the car hiring system whereby you can travel to Le Bourget by Viscount and there find ready waiting for you a car which you drive yourself and can use during your stay. It is an admirable arrangement for, whatever the ferry system used, the fifty-minute flight direct from London Airport to Le Bourget must always be a great time saver. And during the Salon there was the added advantage that the B.E.A. Viscount put one down on the doorstep, as it were, of the exhibition.

The air-car hire system is also advantageous for those who are sensitive to driving position and wish to have a left-hand drive car for France. One often hears criticisms of delays which occur when using B.E.A. I can only say that my personal experience, during the show period, was of the highest efficiency and of good timekeeping.

WHEN a car is sent in for servicing the work is today usually done conscientiously. It is possible to rely upon most service stations and the check sheet is normally a safe guide to what has been done. But in one respect further check is needed, tyre pressures. Some modern cars are markedly affected in their riding qualities by small tyre pressure differences. There are still service stations where a precise adjustment of tyre pressures is looked upon as a waste of time.

The procedure is to set up all the pressures to a good round figure—often far above that recommended by the makers of the car. This rough-and-ready method is the more serious where there ought to be a large pressure differential between front and rear wheels. Some service stations are scrupulously careful—but not all. An independent reading is usually desirable.

—Oliver Stewart



THE BRITISH manufactured B.M.W. Isetta seen here was driven straight from the assembly lines at Brighton on to the new Miles H.D.M. 105, flying testbed. Both then went to Paris where the aeroplane was exhibited at the Paris Aero Show and the car used by Mr. F. G. Miles around the crowded city



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander*
JUNE 12,
1957
609



Ashton-Brackenbury. *The Hon. Thomas John Ashton, only son of Lord and Lady Ashton of Hyde, married Miss Pauline T. Brackenbury, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. H. L. Brackenbury, of Wellesbourne, near Stratford-on-Avon, at the parish Church of St. Peter, Wellesbourne, Warwickshire*

RECENTLY MARRIED



Arkell-Llewellyn-Jones. *Mr. Raymond Arkell, son of Dr. W. J. Arkell, and Mrs. Arkell, of Cambridge, married Miss Elizabeth Llewellyn-Jones, elder daughter of the Rev. W. J. and Mrs. Llewellyn-Jones, of Radley College, at Radley College Chapel*



Hunt-Shepard. *Mr. Roger Hunt, elder son of Brig. and Mrs. J. M. Hunt, of Stoneways, Godalming, Surrey, and Miss Minette Shepard, only daughter of the late Mr. G. H. Shepard and Mrs. Shepard, of Wonersh, Surrey, were married at St. John the Baptist Church, Wonersh, near Guildford*

Percy-Renwick. *Mr. J. J. Percy, elder son of the late Col. J. E. S. Percy, and of Lady Bradford, Aden Cottage, Durham, has married Miss Julia D. Renwick, daughter of Sir Eustace Renwick, Bt., and Lady Renwick, of Whalton, Northumberland, at Whalton*

Shuker-Luscombe. *Mr. James Shuker, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Shuker, of Audley, Staffordshire, married Miss Benita Luscombe, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. P. Luscombe, of Puriton Manor, near Bridgewater, at St. Michael's Church, Puriton*
Douglas Allen



DINING OUT

Convivial gatherings

THERE has been such a spate of parties during the last few weeks that if you gave them the space they deserve, the last one described would be about three months out of date, so we will be brief and rattle around them almost as fast as one did, in fact, have to keep up the pressure to attend them.

There was an excellent party by candlelight in the cellars of Evans Marshall in Water Lane to taste their Bertola sherries and to introduce Lagosta (Portuguese for lobster), a light, gay, refreshing white wine and an excellent partner for the lobsters provided at the cold buffet. This was provided by Pimm's (the shadow of Jack Finney was clearly in evidence), who had released Richard Earlum, the manager of the Red House, to see that all went well.

ONE of the most interesting parties I have ever been to was the preview of The Compleat Imbiber Exhibition presented by W. & A. Gilbey Ltd. at the Café Royal to celebrate their centenary. It was not only interesting because of the people one met there, but for the opportunity between drinks of examining the exhibits, which were beautifully presented. They illustrated drinking habits in England from the Roman occupation to the present day, with a wonderful collection of drinking vessels, glass, furniture, books and pictures of each period.

The book provided to describe the exhibits, although called a catalogue, was more a book of reference to be kept indefinitely, a first-class piece of work with thirty-four pages on Drinking In England, by James Laver, some fine photographs and a full description of the exhibits.

FROM centenaries to Catania, to a party given by Italian International Airlines to celebrate the opening of a daily service from London to Catania in Sicily.

Not only did H.E. the Italian Ambassador, Count Vittorio Zoppi, put in an appearance, but also the Gruppo Folkloristico Etneo, a small and entirely amateur "rustic orchestra" from Etna, none of whom had visited England previously. Their traditional songs, dances and costumes dated back to the seventeenth century, and added great gaiety to the proceedings.

For an aperitif I had a Negroni, a cocktail much in vogue on the Via Veneto in Rome and the Monte Napoleone in Milan. This consists of equal parts of gin, bitter vermouth and sweet vermouth, and a dash of orange juice, served iced with a slice of orange. Among the dishes was the delightful Sicilian Cassata, which is made of soft marzipan with sweet cream cheese, pistachio and Sicilian sugared cherries.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Rare treat for the new generation

FOR the first time for many years, real maple syrup is again obtainable. Considering that it comes from Canada, a dollar area, the price is not too exorbitant—6s. 9d. per 16-oz. bottle and 13s. 6d. for a 32-oz. one.

Meanwhile, a whole generation has grown up without ever having tasted this most delicious of all syrups, obtained by the evaporation of the sap from the sugar-maple tree which, I believe, grows only in the east part of northern North America.

This brings me to the many delicious sweets in which maple syrup plays a most important part. First to mind come waffles and pancakes, generously "sauced" with this purest of pure syrups. Vanilla ice cream, topped with maple syrup and chopped almonds, makes a quick ice cream sundae but, for one of those really luxurious sauces for ice cream, gently boil together $\frac{1}{2}$ pint maple syrup and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream for 4 to 5 minutes. Test a drop in cold water. If it just thickens, but before it reaches the soft ball stage, it is ready. It can be poured hot over the ice cream and sprinkled with chopped walnuts.

ANOTHER very simple sauce for sweets is made by heating a cup of maple syrup and slowly stirring it into 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Beat until frothy.

Those who like to make frozen refrigerator sweets may remember—or like to be told of—Maple Syrup Mousse. Here is a reliable recipe: Make $\frac{1}{2}$ pint maple syrup fairly hot. Stir it into two eggs, beaten just enough to combine yolks and whites. Strain the mixture back into the syrup pan, stand it in hot (not boiling) water and stir until it thickens enough to coat the spoon. Let this custard cool, then stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint double cream and beat until the mixture holds a soft peak. Turn into 4 to 6 suitable glasses and place in the freezer compartment of your refrigerator. A dot of cream or a thin coating of further maple syrup is all the garnish required. Maple nut ice cream is another frozen sweet you may like to try. Blend together a tablespoon of milk and a teaspoon of cornflour. Stir into 8 oz. milk (less that tablespoon). Moisten a teaspoon of best quality powdered gelatine in a tablespoon of water and stir it into the sauce until it dissolves (over a low heat, if necessary). Add 4 oz. maple syrup.

Beat an egg yolk. Stir the sauce, a little at a time, into it, together with a few grains of salt and a dessertspoon of sherry. Heat again to a good simmering point, then leave to cool. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg white, two ounces of very finely chopped walnuts and, finally, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint fairly stiffly beaten double cream.

Turn into the freezing tray of the refrigerator and place in the cold chamber, having first turned the refrigerator to its coldest half an hour beforehand.

Precaution: If you keep eggs near the evaporator, remove them while the ice cream freezes.

—Helen Burke



APRIL OLRICH became Lola Bertola for one day at a sherry party given in the cellars of Evans Marshall in Water Lane, E.C.3., where she was guest of honour





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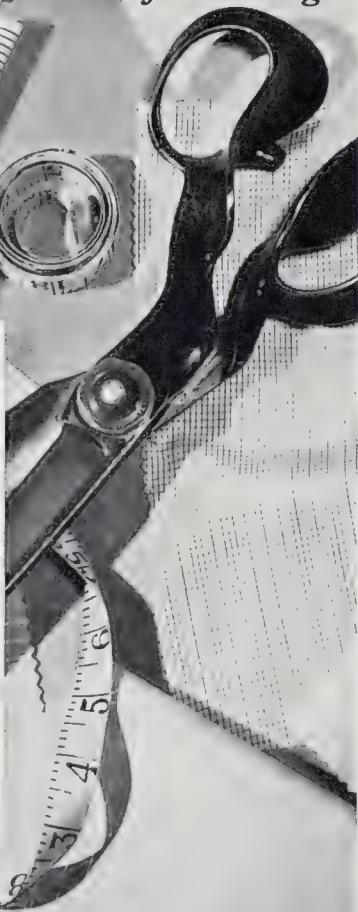
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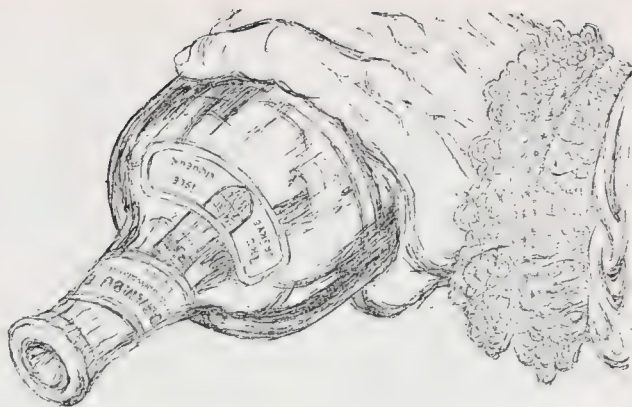
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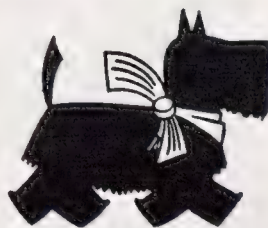
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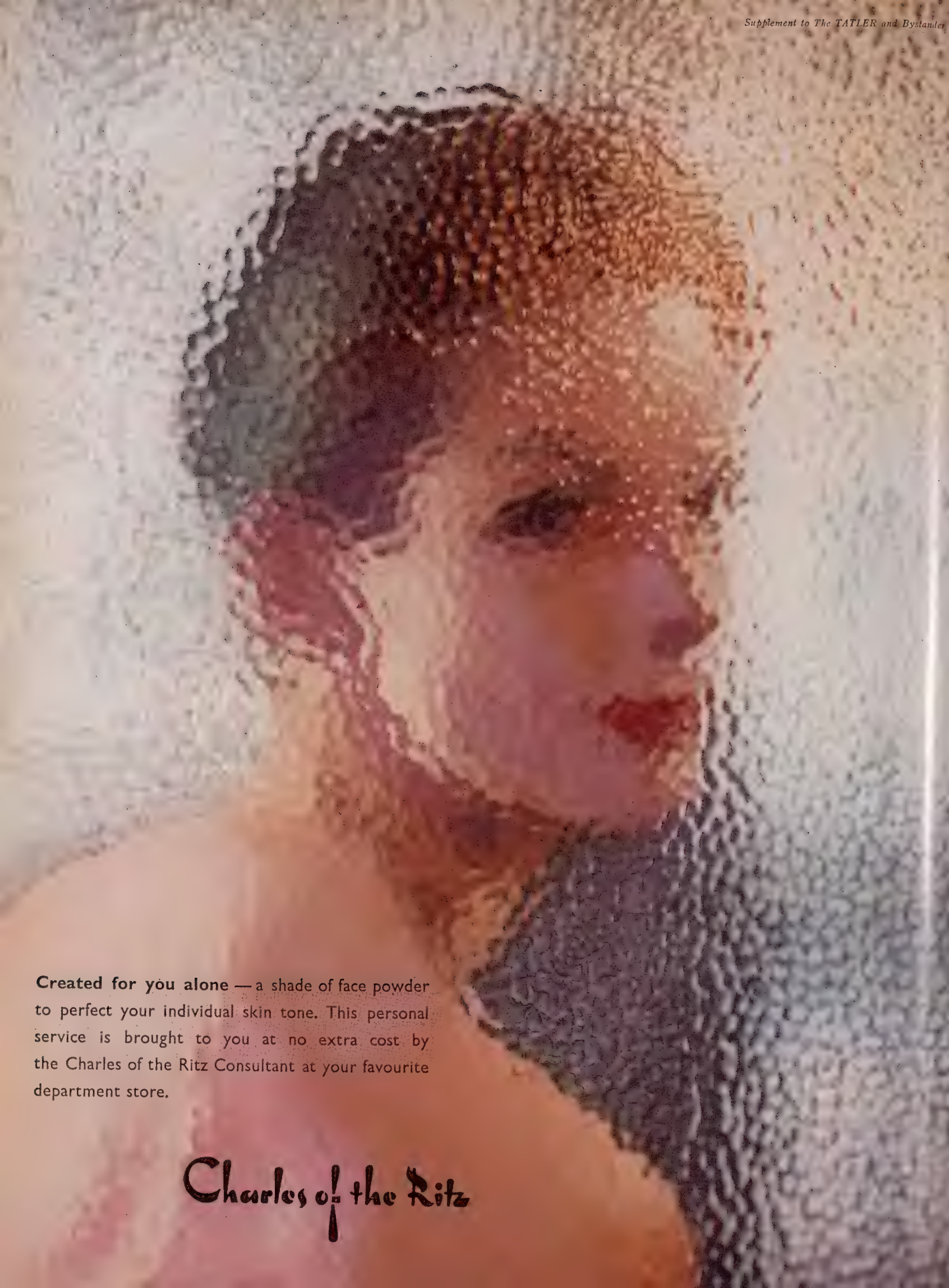


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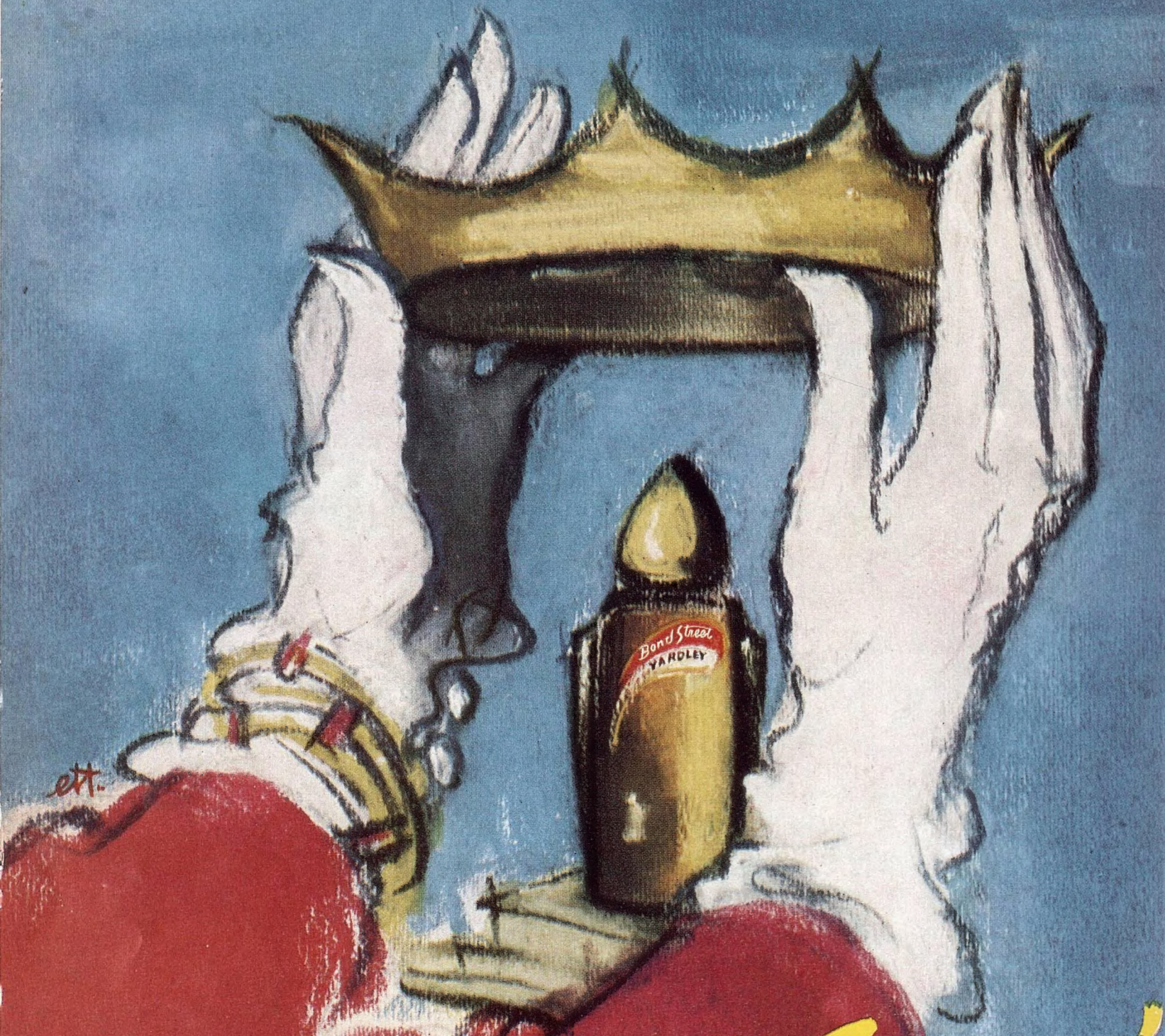


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Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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